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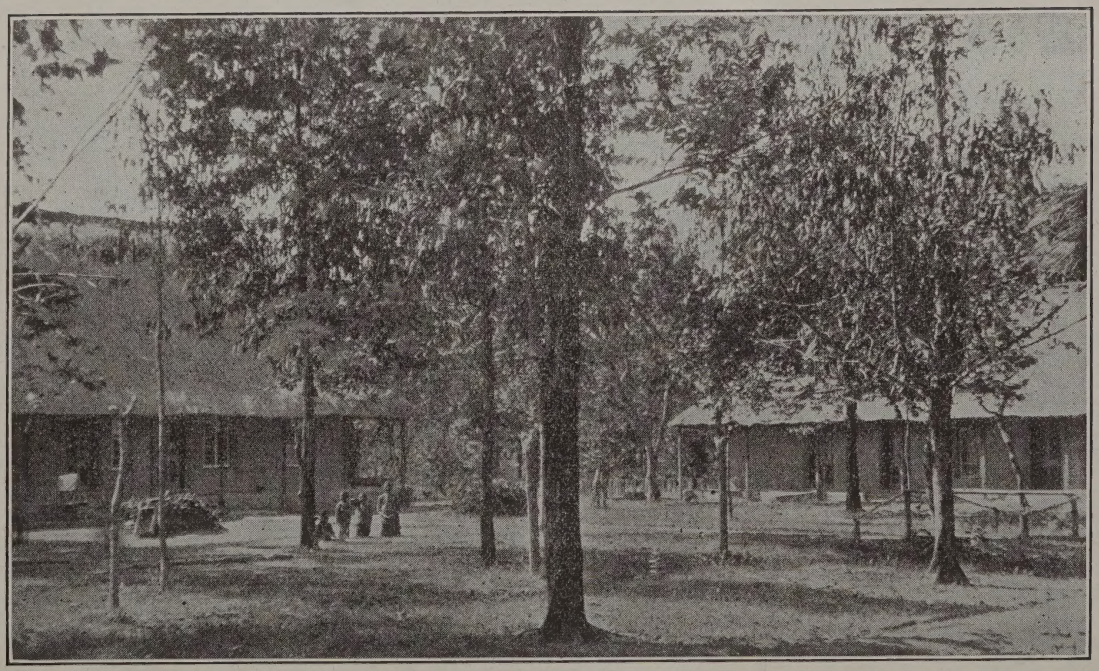

KAPANGO MISSION STATION. *Frontispiece*

Mr. LANE'S house is on the left.

A MODERN EXPERIMENT IN APOSTOLIC MISSIONS.

BY

A. R. SHORT.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

The Methods and Principles of Apostolic Missions 11

CHAPTER II.

The Bagdad Mission 21

CHAPTER III.

Beginnings in India 29

CHAPTER IV.

A Work of God in British Guiana 40

CHAPTER V.

A Spiritual Awakening in Modern Italy 52

CHAPTER VI.

Beginnings in Spain 59

CHAPTER VII.

The Beloved Strip of Central Africa 68

CHAPTER VIII.

Echoes of Service in Many Lands 79

APPENDIX.

Hints to Missionary Study Class Leaders 91

PREFACE.

The following chapters have been written principally in the interests of Missionary Study Classes, and in the Appendix some suggestions are made as to their use. They had to be prepared at short notice to fill a pressing need, and it was only possible to give to them various oddments and scraps of time saved out of many other duties; this must be the apology for their manifold shortcomings. In case anyone may feel that the work in which he or she is interested has been unduly neglected, it may be explained that the general rule has been followed, with few exceptions, to describe the labours only of those who are gone to their reward in Heaven, and that the story is not carried beyond the year 1880 except in the last two chapters, which run up to about 1895. It is hoped that each Class will do its best to bring the narrative up to date.

Scriptural quotations are nearly all from the Revised Version.

I am greatly indebted to many helpers. The late Mr. Charles Brewer, of Leominster, gave me valuable old books. Mr. C. E. Faithfull kindly read the chapter on Spain, and Mr. J. S. Anderson that on Italy. Mr. B. Colgrave, of Clare College, Cambridge, helped with the Study Class methods in the Appendix. Mr. W. E. Vine very kindly read and emended the manuscript of several chapters, and Mr. J. Stephen read the proofs. For the illustrations we are indebted to the editors of "Echoes of Service."

Mr. E. Sheldon very kindly supplied the cover-design, illustrating the bridge of boats across the Tigris in old Bagdad.

A Modern Experiment in Apostolic Missions.

CHAPTER I.

The Methods and Principles of Apostolic Missions.

IS success the best test of a work for God? That is to say, when large numbers are genuinely and visibly converted by the preaching of the gospel, or a flourishing church is built up, does that prove that the methods used were right and pleasing to God? Conversely, when the current of blessing runs low, does that prove that there is something radically wrong with the principles taught or means employed?

We often hear statements that would bear out these propositions. We are told that God cannot and will not bless this method or that, or that such and such an evangelist or preacher is so successful, as outward success visible on earth is counted, that criticism of his methods is disarmed. All this has a very important bearing on missionary work. Shall we examine the history of various modern missions, find out which shows the largest results, and confidently adopt its procedure as the best?

To this we suggest the reply, that neither Scripture nor experience teaches that immediate and visible success is the main criterion. There is no accurate parallel between it and faithful service or right methods. But both Scripture and experience do teach that in the long run faithful service and right methods *will* reap a good harvest, both on earth and in Heaven.

There is a remarkable absence in the New Testament, as far as I have noticed, of any clear passage to show that the number of souls converted under a preacher's ministry will be in proportion to his faithfulness. It is true that in the parable of the True Vine we are told "He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit," but this surely refers to the fruit of Christian character, love, joy, peace and the like, spoken of in Gal. v. 22. It is true that in Romans i. 13, "fruit" is mentioned in a way that may well refer to conversions, but it cannot be proved that this is the fruit referred to as growing on the True Vine. There is surely no reason to suppose that John was a preacher whose matter or methods were less pleasing to God than Peter's, yet we have no record that anybody was converted by John's public or private ministry. Although he uses the word "my children" in I. John

ii. 1, III. John 4, and elsewhere, it is such a favourite word with him that it cannot be taken as meaning that they were all led to God by his instrumentality. On the other hand, Peter's preaching in the Acts was extraordinarily successful. No doubt John *had* converts, though it is not definitely stated; on the other hand, it is quite probable that his brother James had few if any. Yet when we remember the special favour which Christ showed James, it is difficult to suppose that he pleased God less than Paul did—yet Paul's service looks much the larger to us. When Paul himself is setting out the proofs of his apostleship, they are such as are described in II. Corinthians xi. and xii.—his sufferings, his patience, and his mighty works, not his converts. And finally, even our Lord Himself does not seem to have been extraordinarily successful, if success is to be measured merely by counting converts. Probably many modern Evangelists could reckon a greater number.

Experience and history surely tell the same tale. Martin Luther did a work of enormous value, but it is impossible to justify his acquiescence in the drowning of Baptists, or to accept all his theology. The methods and doctrine of William Carey and Francis Xavier in India and the Straits were diametrically opposed in some respects, yet both could show a considerable degree of outward success. Most pioneer missions, such as that of Gilmour in Mongolia, and the work described in chapter VII., have an initial period of about ten years in which the visible results are few, if any; then, without any change in method or doctrine, a great tide of blessing may set in. Take two evangelistic missions in this country; one is a huge success, and the other looks something very like a failure. Yet a careful analysis may show more faults in the matter preached and the methods used in the first than the second.

On the other hand, Scripture and experience do teach that a work that is pleasing to God will bring success visible on earth, in the long run, though not necessarily on such a scale as to throw into the shade something less faithfully executed. Paul says that his converts at Corinth are his epistle of commendation. Wherever he preached, some believed. "Your labour is not in vain in the Lord." "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Although three grains of the good seed fell into hopeless soil, the fourth produced a harvest. It is difficult in the whole history of foreign missions to find one, in which the labour was persevered with for ten years, and in which there was a measure of truth preached by men whose lives were clean and spirits earnest, without *some* conversions following, even in the hardest possible fields. The early Moravians in Greenland, Henry Richards in Banza Manteke, the first missionaries in the cannibal islands of the South Seas, Morrison in China, the Tierra del Fuego Mission, and many other examples go to show that this is true.

Well, if success is not the first thing to aim at in missionary or evangelistic service, what is? Surely, to preach the gospel in such a way as to please God. This demands a right spirit, and a right method. How can we know that our method is right? There can only be one safe guide. That will be—the pattern preserved for us in the New Testament. It is doubly safe-guarded. In the first place, the apostles were Divinely guided to use certain methods In the second place, such of their methods as were to be a permanent example to the church down to the end of the dispensation, were written down for us by the Holy Spirit. The work of ten of the apostles, and nine-tenths of the work of Peter and Paul, goes almost unrecorded, not because it may not have been Divinely guided, but because its lessons were not of permanent importance for us. Moses was told, "See that thou make it (the tabernacle) after the pattern showed thee in the mount." Paul wrote to the Corinthians "that ye might learn not to go beyond the things which are written" (I. Cor. iv. 6). It is useless to plead that more modern methods of human invention may be more successful. "It is required in stewards that a man be found *faithful*." It does not say successful.

It therefore follows that the missionary who wishes above all things to please God is most likely to do so if he makes a faithful following of the apostolic method his first concern, and lets the pursuit of success come second. Certainly the apostles strove might and main to win as many as possible that they might "by all means save some." But there was something which came first; to follow the guidance of the Spirit.

Shall we therefore go back to the Book, and try to decipher, asking the Divine Author to guide us, what the methods and principles of apostolic missions were?

The Missionary's Call.

We find, first, that they were irresistibly attracted (that is, Divinely driven) to the places that were empty of the gospel. The wind bloweth where it listeth, but the wind has laws. It rushes into a vacuum. Every hurricane is caused by the wind hastening to an area of low atmospheric pressure.

How wonderfully this is illustrated in Nature. After a downpour of rain the garden worms are out crossing even the hard tarred roads. Why? Because they, like every other animal, must continually be seeking some fresh abode where there shall be food and shelter not already taken possession of by other worms. This necessity to seek a far-away unoccupied soil is the key to all the marvels of plant-dispersion—the little wings of the wind-carried sycamore seed, the burr that sticks to the coat of a passing animal who may carry it and then rub it off a mile away, the ripe fruit of the plum or apple tempting some creature to take and eat the pulp, but throw away the stone or core. So Paul says,

" I must also see Rome." He took a pride in getting out beyond other men's plantings. This does not mean that he was for ever rushing from one new pitch to another. He was prepared to spend one or two years in a place, if necessary. Of course he had not to spend time learning a language ; Greek would serve him everywhere. Yet mere need was never alone the call. Asia and Bithynia were just as needy as Macedonia, but it was to the latter he was guided by the Spirit.

We notice, next, that their message was essentially an evangelistic one. Slavery, an alien, cruel, and despotic government, and the horrible conditions of the great cities of Greece, Rome and Asia Minor—these were as poles asunder from the principles of the Kingdom of God, but the missionary embarks on no political reforms or agitations ; he preaches the gospel. " I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." The apostles used gifts of healing, but only as an adjunct to their main mission of personal evangelism. In this labour they were prepared to face even such a catalogue of hardship as those set out in I. Corinth. iv. 9-13, and II. Corinth. xi. Another aspect of their work there certainly was, namely that of raising up a local eldership in each church, and providing them with the written as well as the spoken word of God. Stones were not simply quarried out and left ; they were built up into churches, and these had to be guided in worship and service along lines laid down by the Spirit in the Word.

How were the missionaries of the first century church chosen, sent out, directed and supplied ? Was there a committee to select them, tell them where to go and what to do, and guarantee their support ? Evidently they had the material ready to hand for such an organization. There was a council at Jerusalem, of which James was probably the most influential member, that might have been very suitable for the purpose. As we shall see, there were circumstances in which this body could and did select delegates, but not missionaries.

For our present enquiry we shall rule out the gospels and seek guidance only in the Acts and the Epistles, because there is evidence that the directions for evangelism changed somewhat after the Lord's death. Before that event, the disciples were told to preach only to Jews ; afterwards, to go to all the world. On their previous journeys they had taken no supplies, and lacked nothing, " but now, he that hath a purse, let him take it " (Luke xxii. 36). It would be an interesting study, however, to see whether the main principles we are about to study would be altered by including the gospels in the scope of our enquiry. I think not.

With regard to the choosing and sending forth of missionaries, the key passages are Acts xiii. and xvi. 1-3. At Antioch there were five " prophets and teachers." The Holy Ghost took the initiative, and chose the two best, saying " Separate me Barnabas

and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Paul never forgot that his call was of God.

"Christ, the Son of God, hath sent me
To the midnight lands;
Mine the mighty ordination
Of the pierced Hands."

Again and again he recurs to it (Acts xxvi. 17; Eph. iii. 7; Col. i. 25; I. Tim. i. 12-14, ii. 7).

But may not a man be mistaken as to the call of God, and think he is called to go forth when the Lord has not sent him? It is indeed possible, and therefore it is added that the church in Antioch shared in the responsibility. They "fasted and prayed and laid their hands on them," and "they sent them away" (or lit.—"let them go"). The laying on of hands was evidently a token of fellowship rather than of official ordination. Could a Lucius or Symeon or Manaen "ordain" a Paul or Barnabas? It was a token that they acquiesced in the call and in the new enterprise. Some months or years afterwards, when they perceived the grace that was given to these missionaries, Peter and James and John also gave them the right hand of fellowship, that they should go unto the Gentiles. Thus we have the call from the Holy Spirit, recognized not only by the candidates but also by the local church, and eventually by the elders of the larger church at Jerusalem.

The other model is found in the call of Timothy. Here was a much younger man. To him the agency by which the Voice came was evidently a direct invitation from Paul, and Timothy saw in it a word from the Lord. But that was not all. He was well reported of by the responsible brethren who knew him best in his own town, and in the neighbouring town of Iconium. Probably it was they who laid their hands on his head in token of recognition of his gift (I. Timothy iv. 14. The gift came not *by* but *with*, that is, it was acknowledged by the laying on of hands).

Again, Paul chose Silas, who was accredited by the Jerusalem church, to accompany him from Antioch, and they were commended by the brethren there.

The church at Jerusalem did not send Peter to Cornelius, or Philip to Samaria or to the desert. The guidance came direct from God in each case.

On the other hand, we do find in three instances, in which a work had already been started and what was needed was something to confirm and steady the faith of the converts, that the council of apostles and elders at Jerusalem with the concurrence of the church sent out delegates for that purpose with a sort of official message. They sent Peter and John to Samaria (Acts viii. 14), Barnabas to Antioch (xi. 22) and later Barsabas and Silas with Paul also to Antioch to communicate an important decision

(xv. 22). There seems to be a designed difference between the sending forth of these men by the apostles and elders to give sanction and blessing to a work already done, and the calling out by God, either directly or through the agency of a missionary's invitation, of the original evangelists.

It is noteworthy that the New Testament missionaries went forth two and two. In some cases it was husband and wife; apparently Peter, James and Jude took their wives (I. Corinth. ix. 5). In others, it was two brethren—Peter and John, Barsabas and Silas, Paul and Barnabas, Paul and Silas, Barnabas and Mark, Paul and Titus, Timothy and Erastus (Acts xix. 22), Titus and a brother unnamed (II. Corinth. viii. 18).

It is also worth noting that when a church like that at Antioch has commended missionaries in their going forth, they return to that same church to give an account of their labours.

The Missionary's Control and Support.

What can we learn as to the degree of control exercised over the missionaries? There is no evidence at all that Paul or his companions were directed by the churches at Antioch or Jerusalem, or by any council of elders. The guidance came direct from God. A study of Acts xvi. 6-10 makes this very clear. When two brethren were working separately, the one, even a Paul, exercises no direct control over the other. Paul wanted Apollos to go to Corinth, but Apollos has his own leading of God and is evidently able to act quite freely in the matter (I. Corinth. xvi. 12). When, however, a younger man is working with a veteran, he is subject to him. Paul is continually "sending" Timothy or Titus and others. This, however, is not merely because the younger is a missionary. Even in the settled churches, the younger are told to be subject to the elder (I. Peter v. 5), and the assembly at Corinth is to be in subjection to Stephanas and those like him.

It would be a profitable study to collect the numerous passages in the Acts and Epistles showing how Paul guided the movements and services of his younger fellow-workers, and how readily they seem to have accepted his direction. This is surely intended to be a pattern to new missionaries going to an established station.

Finally, what about the missionary's support? Control and support always go hand in hand, both in business undertakings and in work for God. The more definitely a man or body of men support a worker, the more he will look to them for direction. So when his eyes are entirely on God for his support, he will expect his guidance from the same Source.

We are not surprised to find therefore that there is no trace in the New Testament of any individual or committee or church promising or guaranteeing a regular salary for any of the missionaries. This is not because the subject of the worker's support

is kept out of sight. As a matter of fact, there is a great deal said about it. The key passages appear to be I. Corinthians ix. and Philippians iv. 10-18, though there are a number of incidental notices besides. In the Corinthians passage the principle is laid down that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the ox deserves a mouthful of the corn he treads out. This is applied to mean that when the missionary or teacher visits a local church, it is the business of that church to supply his needs. Evidently Peter and James and Jude and some of the apostles exercised this right, and not only received support for themselves, but for their wives. This brings up a very obvious difficulty when the preacher goes to a place where there is no church to support him. Either he must live on his converts, or abandon the mission, unless he has private means. We know that Barnabas and the apostles, at least, had put all their possessions into the common stock, so they had little or nothing of their own. This was evidently a real difficulty in the way of evangelism, because the objections to the missionary living on his just converted or unconverted hearers are plain to everybody.

Paul found two solutions, and used them both. The Holy Spirit has directed that a permanent record of them should be preserved for our guidance.

In the first place Paul, and it may be Barnabas also, was able and willing where necessary to work for his living. All Jews were taught a trade. "Whoso does not teach his son a trade," said one of the Rabbis, "teaches him to be a thief." So, although he was apparently being trained to be a Rabbi, he was also acquainted with the art of tentmaking. The staple manufacture of his native Tarsus was the weaving into tent-covers and garments of the hair of the enormous goat flocks of the Taurus mountains. It was not a highly skilled occupation, and it was malodorous and illpaid, but it had the advantage that it could be conducted in any town without much stock-in-trade, and though it occupied his hands it left his thoughts free, and if, as seems probable, his sight was often defective it would not seriously handicap him. Aquila was also a tentmaker, and in Corinth they went into partnership. Even so it was hard work to keep the wolf from the door (II. Corinth. xi. 9). Paul nobly persisted, because he would not have the efficacy of the gospel he preached discounted by any suspicion that he preached it for money. "It were good for me rather to *die*, than that any man should make my glorying void." At Ephesus, "I coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel. Ye yourselves know that these hands"—spreading them out, stained it may be with the marks of the black goat's hair—"ministered unto my necessities and to them that were with me." At Salonika, "Ye remember, brethren, our labour and travail, working night and day, that we might not burden any of you, we preached unto you the gospel of God" (I. Thess. ii. 9.).

This is recorded as an example to be followed, and to some extent it has been followed in modern times. Given men with a Pauline determination and industry, probably it could be followed to a much greater extent. Positions in trade, in railways, in the civil service, in mines, in the teaching profession, and so on, in heathen countries might be occupied not by godless youths who fall a prey to every moral temptation, but by earnest Christians who seek to live and preach the gospel. *But*, and it is an important but, such a course makes great demands on spiritual and moral quality. Experience shows that there is more danger of shipwreck for such a one, than for the whole-time missionary. Also, in some countries it is frankly impossible to earn a living and also do missionary work, or one or two full-time labourers may be necessary to help the part-timers in pastoral or itinerant service.

These are no new difficulties. Paul found them also. No others of the first century missionaries, except perhaps Barnabas, were able to contribute much to their own support (I. Cor. ix. 6). In Corinth, at least, the method proved inadequate, and probably elsewhere. God therefore raised up for him another source of supply; Paul accepted it, and it is recorded for our guidance. The church at Philippi repeatedly sent him gifts (Phil. iv. 10-20) when he was at Salonika, and at Corinth and at Rome. Someone, perhaps Onesiphorus, must surely have helped him during his second imprisonment in Rome, and we know that Epaphroditus brought him a contribution during his first captivity there, and nearly died on the journey. Was it typhus, the old gaol fever, or a malignant Italian malaria, or what?

The whole of I. Corinthians ix. and Paul's commendation of the Philippians (iv. 14), and the exhortations to Christian giving in II. Corinthians viii. and ix., and John's encouragement of Gaius (III. John, 5-6), all show as clearly as possible that it is the duty of an established church and of individual Christians to help financially those who go out to preach the gospel amongst the heathen, and especially if the missionary has been a spiritual help to the church before he sets out. Surely the fact that Christ's command to go into all the world and preach the gospel, and the associated promise of His abiding presence, come not only to a select class but to the whole church; and the other fact that the church shares in the commendation and sending forth of the missionary, both establish a duty that they should support him who as their deputy does their work. It is not a question of charity to the worker, but of giving to the Lord.

Notice, however, the attitude of the missionary himself. First, he never begs. His wants are made known to God only. He acknowledges years afterwards that he had been in need and that their help was most opportune, but for the present he even dares to say that he has all things and abounds—surely not the way to encourage further gifts! How thoroughly the early missionaries

practised this is shown by the fact that in the next generation the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," written at the end of the first century, says that if a travelling preacher asks for money it shows that he is an impostor.

Next, he believes that so long as he is doing God's work, all his *needs* (not, perhaps, all he would *like*) will be supplied, though God may have to use ravens or a widow woman to feed him, and he is therewith content. "All things work together for good to them that love God." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." "My God shall supply all your need" (note that this is said to donors). Thirdly, although he will not look to the heathen for his support—"for the sake of the Name they went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles" (III. John 7)—yet he makes no difficulty about receiving food and clothing and fuel in the spirit in which it is offered, even from unbelievers, such as the barbarians of Malta who "showed us no little kindness." Paul could be quite sure that the barbarians would not feel that they were patronizing a preacher, or exercising the power of the purse over his message, as the people of Corinth would assuredly have done if he had been supported by them to any extent. So the Jews in Ezra's day accepted the gifts of a heathen king for their temple building, but when Sanballat wanted to help them in their work, and get into a position of having a voice in their worship and practice, they risked his bitter hostility and shut him out.

The Practical Conclusion.

Supposing we wish to make a modern experiment in missions on Apostolic lines, what is the pattern we have to follow?

We have learned that there must be the reaching out to regions empty of the gospel. That the main method and purpose of the work must be evangelism, the raising up of a local church and native eldership, and imparting the written word of God. That the missionary's call comes from God, either directly or voiced by the invitation of a older missionary; that it is recognized by his fellow Christians in his own assembly as well as by himself, and by a neighbouring church (Iconium, as well as Lystra; Jerusalem as well as Antioch). That the Holy Ghost sends forth, and the Church acquiesces with full fellowship, but does not seek to exercise any control over the worker in the field. That younger missionaries are subject to elder. That financial support may come in part from the missionary's secular occupation, but that usually it is the duty and privilege of the believers who send him out also to forward money to support him. But that there is no promise or guarantee of a salary, and the worker looks to God, not to man, to keep him.

No doubt objections can be raised to following such a model —that there is no sense in it, or reason for it, that other methods of doing foreign missionary work have been wonderfully successful, that it is altogether too idealist, impracticable, that the workers will be in a state of chronic financial anxiety, that they and the work will inevitably starve.

Well, everything goes back to the main question, have we any right "to go beyond the things which are written"? Is not the New Testament example for us like the "pattern in the mount" to Moses? Why does the inspiration of God include so much personal detail, even to a few books and an old cloak left at Troas, if it is not that we too may learn how best to please our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in our service for Him? That missionary work conducted on other lines has been immensely blessed is true, and we rejoice in the success obtained and the souls saved; we wonder at and admire the splendid heroism of the pioneers of the gospel in India, and China, and Madagascar, and Africa, and Greenland, and the South Seas. But, once more, success is not the principal test of being pleasing to God.

That we may not here and now see a sufficient reason for God's laying down a particular programme for carrying out His work does not matter in the least. We can afford to wait to learn His reasons later. But this, at least, may be said: nothing would be more hopeless than for a few exiled Britishers to expect to shake the ramparts of heathenism, or win souls out of its terrific bondage, apart from the factor of Divine Power working with them. *Everything* depends on mobilizing the Divine factor. And if the missionary has a daily education in looking to God, trusting in God, for his financial needs, and in getting answers impressive and easily understood when God steps in to meet those needs, how much easier does it become to learn to look to Him and trust in Him also for needs in the much more difficult spiritual realm —for power over besetting sin, daily guidance, conversion of the unsaved, preservation of converts from backsliding, overcoming of the hostility of devil-possessed priests and the like!

Again, if the worker in a foreign land looks to God alone for supplies, it greatly reduces the danger of one entering or continuing in the field whom God has not sent. Scattered through "Echoes of Service" there are a very few notices of such, who, led by enthusiasm, mistook a call, found out the mistake only after spending a year or two in the mission field, and quietly dropped out or returned home.

Whether the ideal is impracticable, when God has called a man or a woman, it is the purpose of the following chapters to elucidate.

CHAPTER II.

The Bagdad Mission.

IT is interesting and strange, and rather comforting to those of us who are never likely to be much heard of in the world, how many of the most beneficial discoveries have been made by unknown men. Who first melted alkali and sand together and gave the world glass? Who was the first smelter of iron? Who boiled fat and wood ashes and discovered for us the art of soap-making? Who first found how many days there are in a year? We do not know, and probably never shall. Almost as little is generally known of some to whom, under God, the modern Christian owes much. Such is the history of Anthony Norris Groves—and he would wish it so, that to God may be the glory. However, the life has been written, and it is so interesting, stimulating, and instructive that it will do us good to study it.

A. N. Groves was born at Newton, Hants, in 1795. His father had been a rich man, but business losses greatly reduced his fortune. He had however been able to give his only son a good education, first at Lymington and then at Fulham. He studied chemistry with Messrs. Savory and Moore, and then became apprenticed to a relative, a dentist practising in George Street, Hanover Square. According to the fashion of those days, he "walked the hospitals," and so picked up some medical knowledge which was part of God's preparation for his future service. How often our incidental studies prove at last to have been part of His plan!

He set up in dental practice first in Plymouth and then in Exeter, where he succeeded beyond all his expectations, and was soon earning as much as £1,500 a year.

His devotion to Christ appears to have been of gradual development. When he was fourteen, he used to attend Fulham Church, and was in the habit of taking small novels, such as Fielding's or Smollett's, inside his prayer book to read during the service, but though unconverted, even at that time a missionary sermon made a great impression on him, and he thought to himself, "Surely it would be a worthy object to die for, to go to India, to win but one idolater from hopeless death to life and peace." It is remarkable how many missionaries have received a first call *before* they were themselves conscious of sins forgiven. However, the dominant feeling in his mind at this time was a growing affection for his cousin Mary, who though not a Christian had a "certain

tincture of religious feeling." When he was nineteen, and his practice at Plymouth already bringing in £400 a year, he formally proposed, but her father utterly refused his consent because they were first cousins. It was this bitter disappointment that turned his thoughts to the gospel, and he found some peace in believing, through the preaching of a clergyman in Plymouth.

The type of ministry that had been blessed to him, and his own ardent disposition, made him think that his salvation rather depended on what he could do for the Lord, and as his hopes of happiness at home had been blighted, he resolved to become a missionary, and applied to the Church Missionary Society.

Just at this juncture, however, his cousin Mary had been pining so visibly, and her health had so failed, that her father suddenly gave consent to the wedding, and when Groves was twenty-two they were married. The lady was determined *not* to be a missionary, and set herself to root all such ideas out of his mind.

Then followed some years of great outward happiness and prosperity, but with just this one little rift in the lute. He felt that he had not the Lord's presence as in times past, and there was a miserable consciousness of neglected duty.

The Shepherd sought His sheep. He implanted in the young man's mind, about this time, a most blessed guiding principle, which proved to be the key to all things for him—that the Holy Scripture should be his only rule and authority. So he came back from books to the Book.

The first practical token of the new wine expanding within the new wineskin was fresh light on the subject of giving. He started by promising the Lord one tenth, Mrs. Groves to be the actual distributor. This brought her into contact with a poor old saint, full of earthly troubles and heavenly joy, who "soon taught dearest M—— there was a something in religion of which she knew nothing." She was deeply awakened, and there was a great spiritual conflict, so much so that she became very ill. The terror of the missionary idea still held her back. At last light and peace dawned, and the resistance in her soul began to crumble. The next step was for husband and wife to agree to devote one-fourth to the Lord, and finally, they dedicated *all*. Still, she would burst into tears at the bare mention of the foreign field. At last, after ten years' waiting, she turned suddenly to her husband and said, "Well, Norris, now you had better write again to the Church Missionary Society, and say we are ready to go anywhere."

There was some conflict in Mr. Groves' mind as to whether, after all, they could not do more good by remaining in England, seeing that he had a large professional income to give to God and his wife was an heiress, but Mr. Bickersteth, of the C.M.S., replied, "If you are called of the Lord to the work, money cannot be set against it; it is men whom the Lord sends, and He stands in need of men more than money."

Difficulties still remained ; Mrs. Grove's family were intensely hostile to the project, and the youngest child fell sick. God solved the latter difficulty by taking the little one to Himself.

The next step was for Mr. Groves to commence studies in Dublin, with a view to ordination for the Church Missionary Society. Here he met Mr. J. G. Bellett, Mr. Parnell (afterwards Lord Congleton), and other devoted souls, who studied the New Testament together with the express purpose of fashioning their theories and practice upon its teachings. This first-hand searching, independent of human ecclesiastical traditions, had consequences of the deepest importance not only for A. N. Groves and his friends but also for the church of God generally. It was at this stage that they were led to break bread together in all simplicity every Lord's day, with no settled ministry but such as the Holy Spirit should provide after the model of I. Corinthians xiv.

Doubts began to arise as to the necessity for ordination, and just at this juncture a thief broke into his house at Exeter and stole £40 put aside for the trip to Dublin, leaving other monies intact. This appeared to him to be the guidance of God. In apostolic times the disciples went everywhere preaching the Word without waiting for an ordination to do so.

The next proposal was to go out as a layman, but the C.M.S. refused under those circumstances to allow him to celebrate the Lord's Supper. This broke his connection with the Church of England.

The C.M.S. had intended to send Mr. Groves to Bagdad, and he resolved to accept this as his field of service, and to set forth without any guarantee of support from anybody, just going on a step at a time expecting God to open the way and provide for him and his. It is difficult to conceive of a course, humanly speaking, more incredibly hazardous. He had money to start with, it is true, but who was to supply him in the future ? Even during the recent Great War our soldiers looked upon Bagdad as the back of beyond ; what must it have been in 1829 ? For a man to go on such a journey, with a wife and two little boys, so utterly shut off from all human help, was an adventure indeed. If God could sustain a man in His work under *such* circumstances, anything would be believable.

It is worthy of careful notice, however, that there were some very plain marks that even in such an extraordinary path God was leading. Bagdad had been brought specially to Mr. Grove's notice by the C.M.S., and he had already planned to go there before the connection with that Society was severed. Again, Mr. Groves' best Christian friends heartily backed him in his venture, and some promised to join him there later. Thirdly, God had in a very remarkable way over-ruled the opposition of relatives. Fourthly, the money needed for the initial expenses was abundantly provided, £1,000 of it coming from Mrs. Groves' father, who had been

foremost in trying to turn them back. Fifthly, a yacht was put at their disposal to take the party as far as St. Petersburg.

The great journey was commenced on June 12th, 1829, Mr. and Mrs. Groves being accompanied by their two little boys, a deaf and dumb lad named Kitto (who afterwards wrote the famous Pictorial Bible), and three ladies, one of whom was the wife of the British Resident at Bagdad. (Of the other ladies, one returned from St. Petersburg, and another married and remained at Tabreez on the journey.)

At St. Petersburg there were further tokens of the Lord's hand leading. Christians in that town were very kind and helpful, and not only paid all expenses for the missionaries but greatly helped them on their journey. The next stage was by carriage to Moscow, and they were delayed by the axle catching fire, and the wheel repeatedly breaking! Between Moscow and the Caucasus there were various traveller's difficulties in the way of crowded dirty inns, runaway horses, coach upset, robbers and rioters, etc. It is interesting to note that they were entertained in several places by colonies of the German settlers, Moravians and Mennonites, whose descendants have in recent years been working in the Gospel, visited and helped by Mr. Broadbent. One of these, named Pfander, a godly man, and acquainted with Oriental languages, joined the party and proceeded with them to Bagdad. They arrived on December 6th, without having lost from a thread to a shoe-latchet. Major Taylor, the Resident, kindly found them a house rent free, and engaged an Arabic teacher for Mr. Groves.

The Mission commenced, therefore, under happy auspices. The population of the town, now so interesting to us, because of the part it played in the Great War, was about 80,000, of whom 70,000 were Mohammedans, 8,000 Jews, and 2,000 Armenian, Syrian and Roman Catholic, nominal Christians. Mr. Pfander was able to engage in personal work at once; Mr. Groves had, of course, to face a long, weary struggle with the Arabic language before he could do anything. In the meantime he endeavoured to open the way by giving free treatment to patients suffering from diseases of eyes. He was expert and successful in operating for cataract, according to the standard of those pre-anaesthetic, pre-antiseptic days. The Armenians were quite accessible; the Moslems intensely hostile. A boys' school was opened, and about sixty came. A Christian schoolmaster was engaged to teach in this. The scholars were mostly Armenians.

Before long storm clouds began to gather. The Turkish Pasha was a typical Oriental tyrant, and was universally hated. The Arabs were determined to rise against him, and the Sultan of Turkey was not friendly to him. Postal communication became very irregular in consequence, and no letters arrived for months at a stretch. Cholera and plague were in the neighbourhood, and

it was feared that they would soon enter the town. Mr. Pfander returned to the Caucasus. Financial supplies several times ran nearly out, but although it seemed impossible that their funds could be renewed, in one way or another the Lord provided. The British Resident was very kind. Mr. Groves writes, "That we may many times be in straits I have no doubt, but the time of our necessity will be the time for the manifestation of our Lord's providential love and munificence."

It is not possible in the compass of the present chapter to give more than the barest sketch of the details of the work in Bagdad, of the troubles and anxieties that crowded thick together, nor of the extraordinary spirit of calm trust, devotion, and heavenly-mindedness which breathes through every page of the fascinating autobiography.

In March, 1831, plague entered the city, and the Resident and his family fled. They begged Mr. Groves to go with them, but he felt that Bagdad was the place of duty. This visitation made it necessary to close the school, and as no meetings were possible, the people hostile, and the missionaries little able to speak the language, the heavy trial was added to their other difficulties that they could not help feeling that, humanly speaking, they were doing very little good in the Lord's work. "Sometimes, on looking round on our dear little circle, the old, heavy, faithless flesh would seek its quiet sheltered retreat under the lofty elms at Exeter," but for the most part they were sustained by the confidence that they were in the place where God had sent them, and for the rest He was responsible.

The plague increased apace, and the death-rate in Bagdad reached 1,200 a day—a truly appalling figure. The dead lay unburied in the streets. Half the population fled. At the height of this calamity, the Tigris suddenly rose and inundated the town, sweeping away 7,000 houses. It all but reached the Mission House. Food ran out, and the little that remained was at fabulous prices. Thieves took undisputed possession of the town.

On May 7th the entry appears :—"This is an anxious evening. Dear Mary is taken ill—nothing that would at any other time alarm me, but now a very little creates anxiety ; yet her heart is reposing on her Lord with perfect peace and awaiting His will, and . . . on His love, therefore, we cast ourselves with all our personal interests." Next day it was clear that she had the plague, and in a malignant form. The pages of the diary that follow are full of the most beautiful reign of the peace of God over a heart distressed beyond measure. Mary Groves could talk of nothing but His goodness : "I never in England enjoyed that sweet sense of my Lord's loving care that I have enjoyed in Bagdad." Day after day dragged out its weary length ; on May 11th Mr. Groves, sorely tried, could only find comfort in Psalm xxii., where there is "a more wonderful cry *apparently* unheeded," and on the 14th

" dearest Mary's ransomed spirit took its seat amongst those dressed in white, and her body was consigned to the earth that gave it birth."

Other troubles followed. Mr. Groves himself became ill, and it must have been a terrible torture to feel that he might die and leave his two boys and a baby girl alone in Bagdad with poor deaf and dumb Kitto. When he recovered, the baby, to whom he was devoted, slowly faded away. Then, added to the other horrors, came war. The town was besieged in June by the newly appointed Pasha, and it was not until September that it was taken. During this time bullets were flying in every direction, lawlessness and violence took possession of the city, and famine prevailed. Yet God helped. " The Lord has hitherto extended His sheltering wing over us, though without sword, pistol, gun or powder in the house, and the only men besides myself are Kitto, who is deaf, and the schoolmaster's father, who is blind." They had some sausages which Mr. Pfander had left behind (hard as wood !), some pet pigeons belonging to the boys, two goats, first kept for the baby, and afterwards killed and potted, and a few hens— " thus the Lord has provided for us till now ; and if we have not had abundance, we have never suffered from want." Nor were they ever allowed to go into debt.

After these terrible pioneering experiences, things brightened. The school was re-opened, and the language difficulty being at last surmounted, Mr. Groves was able to do more gospel work, and with a little encouragement. His son Henry, afterwards Editor of " Echoes of Service," was converted and became a splendid worker, and so did an Armenian named Davids. There were good hopes of other Armenians and Syrians, especially of three women. One of these, Hanai, a native of Nineveh, became Mr. Groves' devoted servant to the day of his death.

In 1832 welcome reinforcements arrived. This party at its start consisted of Messrs. John Parnell (afterwards Lord Congleton), F. W. Newman (brother of Cardinal John Henry Newman), and Dr. Cronin, with his mother and sister.

John Parnell was born in 1805, in a fashionable, godless home, and lived the life of a worldly young lordling. Happily he found this deeply unsatisfying, and with little or no human helper to lead him into spiritual things, he began to read the New Testament, cut out all the commandments and pasted them up in his room, and tried to keep them. Someone told him to study the epistle to the Romans, so he proceeded to copy it out till he came to chapter eight, verse eight, and wrote, " So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." What then was the use of all his efforts ? This verse drove him to Christ—" God receives sinners for His sake, and He will receive me."

His father, to drive all this nonsense out of his head, bought him a commission in the Army, but he soon threw it up, and came

to Dublin. Here he fell in with the earnest little band, A. N. Groves, J. G. Bellett, J. N. Darby, and others, who were re-fashioning their worship and their lives on a first-hand study of New Testament principles. It was he who found the yacht which took Mr. Groves to St. Petersburg. This incident turned his own thoughts to the Bagdad Mission, and as he was a wealthy man he not only paid his own expenses but also in large part those of his companions. Thus the little assembly at Aungier Street, Dublin, heard the Holy Spirit directing them to separate some of their best men for the work to which He had called them, and they sent them forth.

Dr. Cronin had been a Congregationalist, and was another of the original assembly in Dublin. His sister was engaged to Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Newman was an Oxford professor, and at this time as zealous as any.

This party suffered even more on the journey than their predecessors had done. They followed a different route, going through France, then by sea to Cyprus and Ladakia (Laodicea) in Syria, and by road to Aleppo. The sea passage was stormy and the captain, an old Frenchman, very ignorant of navigation. At Ladakia they could not find an interpreter, and the muleteers who conducted them to Aleppo brought them at nightfall, in a rainstorm, on to an open shelterless plain where they had to sleep as best they could. The roads were either torrents or beds of mud. It took six days to reach Aleppo, and there they had to stay sixteen months, political disturbances not allowing them to continue their journey. Mr. Parnell married Miss Cronin at Aleppo, but fatigue and the unhealthy conditions of the East proved too much for her, and she died there. When at last they started on the journey to Mosul on horseback they had further adventures; at one place where they gave away a few Testaments, a Moslem moolah raised a riot and they were stoned out of the town, Dr. Cronin being left unconscious on the road, and only rescued with difficulty. Then their horses were stolen, and they had to walk into Mosul. Here they obtained rafts supported on inflated goat-skins, and by this means they and their belongings were floated down the Tigris to Bagdad, arriving in June, 1832. Mrs. Cronin, like her daughter, was worn out by fatigue and fever, and before long she also laid down her life—the third missionary lady to do so. Mr. Newman and Kitto shortly afterwards returned to England.

Principally by medical missionary work it was found possible to reach a good many Armenian and Syrian Christians, but the Moslems seemed utterly unapproachable, and this weighed heavily upon the three workers. They felt, and Mr. Parnell in particular, that the return to God and His Word ought to be followed by more evident power in gospel preaching, and that their present little success was due to the low tide spiritually in the church at

home. In Bagdad they held special seasons every Friday for fasting and prayer for the more evident outpouring of the signs of the Spirit's working. It seems to have been this sense that their hands were not being strengthened by prayer and spiritual power at home that led finally to the abandonment of Bagdad as a mission station. Mr. Groves, in 1833, went to India to enlist spiritual help there, and the others followed next year. Mr. Groves, as we shall see, spent many years in India; the others soon returned to England to see whether they might not be able so to stir up the church to faith and prayer that great signs and wonders should follow in the mission field.

Humanly speaking, of course, it all sounds like a quixotic venture ending in disastrous failure. But, as Mr. Groves wrote in his diary, "If we have done the Lord's will we have succeeded." God *had* kept His servants; He had brought them through fiery trials; He had met their needs even at the "back of beyond." *Some* souls were saved even in Bagdad. But the main fruit was to be gathered not there, but elsewhere. It is not too much to say that that venture was the root of modern faith missions. It was the beginning of the work chronicled in "Echoes of Service" in a score of countries to-day, carried on without any committee, deriving its sources of supply from God alone. Anthony Norris Groves' life and example influenced his brother-in-law, George Muller, of Bristol, to launch out on God alone and found the Ashley Down Orphanage, and who can measure what that institution has taught the church of to-day of lessons in simple trust and prevailing prayer? The China Inland Mission and the North African Mission were founded by men who owed their spiritual schooling directly or indirectly to George Muller and A. N. Groves. God made that Bagdad Mission, "failure" as it seemed, the mother of some of the most spiritual and successful work being done in the foreign field to-day.

And what about the prayers of that little company that God would pour out Pentecostal gifts to aid the preaching? They did not manufacture artificial or hysterical miracles. But may we not rightly connect with their prayers one very striking evidence of God's working? He has not given the old miraculous gifts of healing which they asked for, but, in the modern medical mission in such a country as India, or China, or Persia, or Central Africa, He has given something very like it. In the days of the Bagdad Mission, English medicine and surgery were little better than the methods of the East. In 1837 chloroform was discovered; from that date all the wonders of present day surgery have gradually evolved; some of our best drugs have been discovered, and the missionary doctor to-day is little short of a miracle-worker in the eyes of the people on whom he exercises his God-given skill. The way of the gospel has been opened in countless cases by gifts of healing which were unknown in Dr. Cronin's time.

CHAPTER III.

Beginnings in India.

MISSION work in India in 1833, the year that A. N. Groves landed in that country, had already become fairly established, perhaps more so than in any other heathen country, though, of course, the total missionary force and the visible results were far less than now. It is true that not much was left of the heroic pioneer work of the German missionaries, Ziegenbalg, Plutschau, and Schwartz. It was only in 1813 that the East India Company, who had previously imposed an absolute veto on all gospel work in their dominions, had been compelled by the action of the British Parliament to allow preachers to come in. On the eve of the decision more than 800 petitions praying for liberty to be granted for missionaries to work in India were laid on the table of the House of Commons. It was mainly as a result of William Wilberforce's advocacy that the battle was won. "It was late when I got up, but I thank God I was enabled to speak for two hours, and with great acceptance . . . and we carried it, about 89 to 36. . . . I heard afterwards that many good men had been praying for us all night."

With this permission, the Baptist Missionary Society were able to reinforce and extend the work begun by William Carey in the Danish village of Serampore and district; the Church Missionary Society started on a large scale in the Ganges country and also in the south; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel took over a work in the Tinnevelli district; and the London Missionary Society founded stations not only in the south, where they had already made a beginning, but also around Madras, Belgaum, Calcutta and Benares. A great educational work was commenced in 1830 by Alexander Duff, of the Free Church of Scotland. The Wesleyans, and some American Societies, were also soon in the field. The greatest success was met with then, as now, in the extreme south of India. As early as 1822 it was estimated that 5,000 persons had "embraced Christianity" in the L.M.S. Missions at Travancore.

In spite of these efforts, heathenism held sway with all its cruelty yet uncurbed. Still thousands of widows every year were more or less compelled to burn to death on the funeral pyres of their husbands; still year by year devotees were crushed to death beneath the car of Juggernaut in its annual procession. Converts had a sorry time, not only amongst the higher castes, where a profession of Christianity often meant death, but even amongst

the lower castes and in the south. The Brahmins had almost absolute power. This was dangerously shown in the "upper cloth" riots of 1827 and 1858. The low caste women of the Travancore district were forbidden by custom to wear any clothing above the waist, to show their inferiority. Under the refining influences of Christianity they began to feel the indignity of this restriction, and the lady missionaries made them a loose jacket, to which some of them added a scarf. Bitter persecution followed. The women were beaten and their clothes torn off, the Christian men seized and imprisoned, the chapels burned down. In 1829 the Government issued a decree forbidding the "upper cloth," and as a compensation allowing the low caste Christians exemption from Sunday labour and from employment in idolatrous service. In 1858 the Christian women having gradually resumed the obnoxious garment, more riots broke out, and for weeks it was nothing but a reign of terror in the Nagercoil district At last the Madras Government conceded the right that a *coarse* upper-cloth might be worn, thus giving the higher caste women an opportunity to emphasise their superiority by the fineness of their attire.

A. N. Groves in India.

This was the India which Mr. Groves came to visit, and to travel up and down in from one mission station to another. At first his object appears to have been to enlist prayer, sympathy and help for the Bagdad Mission, but as he went from place to place a new purpose grew up within him. He stood not for human ecclesiastical traditions, but for a return to God and His word, for New Testament principles in church life, missionary control and support, and in personal devotion. He found instead that the missionaries of every division and sect of Britain were trying to impose their own ecclesiastical tradition on the raw heathen population and newly awakened converts of the 300 millions of India. Often the spiritual vitality of the workers themselves was at a low ebb. So he became a missionary to missionaries, spending years travelling from one station to another all over the country. "My object in India is twofold, to try to check the operations of these exclusive systems, by showing in the Christian Church they are not necessary for all that is holy and moral; and to try and impress upon every member of Christ's body that he has some ministry given him for the body's edification, and instead of depressing, encouraging each one to come forward and serve the Lord. I have it much at heart, should the Lord spare me, to form a Church on these principles; and my earnest desire is to remodel the whole plan of missionary operations so as to bring them to the simple standard of God's word."

It was an ambitious programme, but for a time it seemed promising. He was warmly welcomed at scores of stations, and

many gave testimony to help and enlightenment received. Some native Christians, especially one named Aroolappen, became devotedly attached to Mr. Groves and to the simple Scriptural principles for which he contended. Many Anglo-Indians, especially army officers, were also convinced, and some of these were afterwards a great help to assemblies in Great Britain. He was able to visit Dr. Duff, and was just in time to pay Dr. Wm. Carey a call before he went to his eternal reward, "after more than forty years' service, leaving the world as poor, as to temporal things, as when he entered it."

But before long difficulties and misunderstandings arose. Missionaries did not always take kindly to his tacit condemnation of their ecclesiastical systems. At one place he writes, "The chaplain is most kind in many respects; he says, 'they cannot have too much of my spirit, or too little of my judgment.'"! In particular, he got into bad odour with the C.M.S. by reason of the sympathy and support he gave to a godly missionary named Rhenius, who had been greatly blessed in the Tinnevelli district. Rhenius was connected with the C.M.S., but had come to see some Scriptural truths which they did not countenance, and he was on the point of abandoning his great work, and thousands of converts in consequence. Mr. Groves encouraged him to go on in dependence upon God, even if the Society refused to support him. Again, he was criticized both in England and in India because he was willing to have fellowship with and minister for all sorts of Christians, whatever their ecclesiastical position. His defence was that Christ and the apostles did not utterly withdraw from the synagogue, although there was much there of which they could not approve; also that the tie which links—the common faith in and love for the Lord Jesus—is transcendently more important than the differences that divide. There are wheat and tares in the field, but "the Lord replies to those who said, shall we pluck them up? 'nay; in the end of the world or dispensation, I will separate them.'" One is tempted to quote largely from his admirable letters on this subject, but it would lead us too far from our present purpose.

In 1834 Mr. Groves paid a brief visit to England, travelling with Dr. Duff, who was very ill, as was also his wife. Mr. Groves cared for them so lovingly that the Duffs named their little son after him. One incident on the voyage is worth relating because it is characteristic of the man that it nearly broke his heart. "I have to-day met with one of those losses which it is most difficult to bear. I dropped my Bible into the sea." The accident occurred through a lurch of the ship as he quickly stretched out a hand to protect a little orphan boy. All the written results of years of study floated away with it.

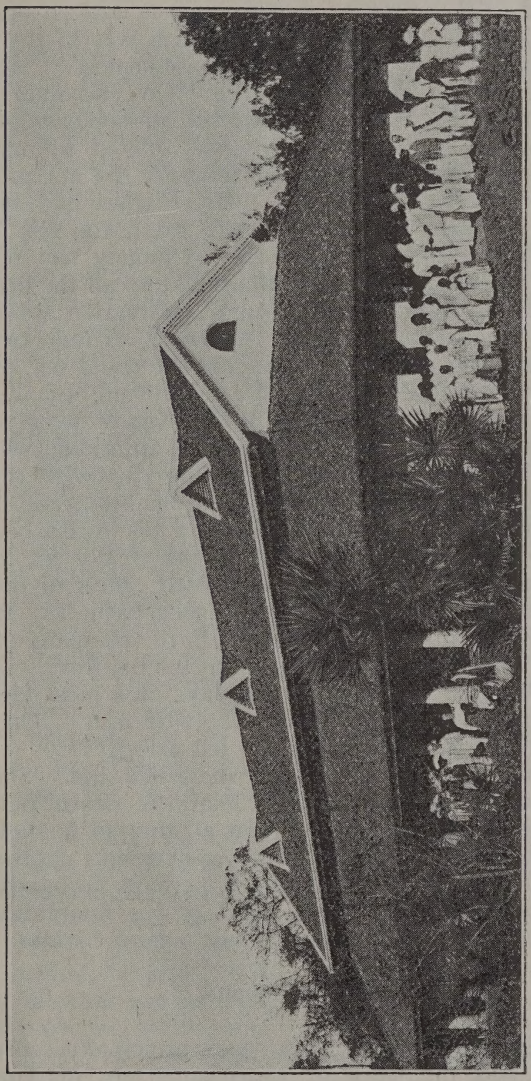
He used his stay in Europe to try to obtain missionary reinforcements, and took back with him Messrs. Bowden and

Beer, of Barnstaple, with their wives, a Dr. Gundert, and some Swiss brethren and sisters. The travelling expenses of the Barnstaple party were paid by a Mr. Cluloe. These all went out without any Society to guarantee them support, to work on simple New Testament principles, and expecting God to provide all things needful. Mr. Groves married Miss Baynes, of Sidmouth, who afterwards wrote his Memoir. His sons from Bagdad joined him in India in 1836, and so also for a short time did Messrs. Parnell and Cronin, and, later, Mr. Baynes, his wife's brother, who threw up his position as an artillery officer to become a missionary.

The party settled first in Madras, and Mr. Groves contributed to its support by working as a dentist; one of the Swiss ladies taught French. The Beers and Bowdens went to learn the language at Masulipatam, and then to Narsapur, and so commenced a work which their lineal descendants are carrying on to this day. As the various denominational Societies proved hostile to the work in Madras, Mr. Groves, with Dr. Gundert, Mr. Baynes and the ladies removed to Chittoor, near Arcot, where they had a clear field, but the doctor soon left to work elsewhere, and joined the Basle Mission. In his place God gave them two ex-army officers, named MacCarthy and MacFarlane.

It is quite clear that at this period the faith which had ventured all out on God for financial supplies was being tried, as faith always is. Nothing is said in the diary about the needs of Mr. Groves himself and his family, but there are several significant entries. "The Bowdens and Beers seem, by their letters, to be going on nicely, and are quite happy in their work. Each family lives on thirty rupees a month. They tell me they have received from Mr. Thomas some bread and cakes, from Mr. Jelicoe bread and wine, and from some unknown person thirty rupees; they still have enough for the present, and, I doubt not, will not have finished the old store before the new comes in." Another—"We heard from dear Rhenius last night; he is reduced to a fortnight's provision of bread; but has in hand a good stock of faith and trust. I am clearly more and more resolved to share my last crust with the brethren at Tinnevelli." Rhenius died soon after. In spite of this, Aroolappen, the converted Indian, determined not only to become an evangelist, but "declined any form of salary." Thus began a long, devoted and successful native ministry, the fruits of which remain to this day.

We have seen that when funds were not sent by the Macedonian and other churches, Paul at Corinth set up in business as a tent-maker. Under these circumstances, then, Mr. Groves resolved to start an industrial mission. He rented some land, planted mulberry trees, and commenced to cultivate silk. Naturally, at first the expenses were heavy and the profits small; also, at this stage, conversions amongst the natives are not recorded in the diary, probably because there were none visible. The devil



DR. PRING'S HOSPITAL, GODAVERI DISTRICT.

was making a dead set at the work. Someone offered to lend thirty thousand rupees to develop the Mission. It seemed like a God-send. "On the strength of present appearances, as of old with regard to the Gibeonites, an agreement was entered upon. . . . This first departure from the way of faith was in the providence of God, followed by most bitter consequences." Perhaps the reference is to the divine ordinance "Owe no man anything." At the moment, the money enabled the missionaries to undertake irrigation works, and employment was offered to many natives under Christian auspices. But the industry did not prosper. The silkworms died off from disease. Mr. Baynes had to return to England. In 1845, after three years' trial, the silk experiment had to be given up, and the borrowed money had to be repaid with heavy interest, which more than used up all the little personal property of the family. Then sugar cultivation was tried, but once more financial misfortune followed. These troubles, the relative ill-success, as far as the human eye could see, of the evangelistic work both in schools and in preaching services, and the death of Mr. MacCarthy, cast a heavy shadow over the devoted worker's heart. There was one delightful interlude, when in 1848 he visited England and spent happy months with the brethren at Bethesda, Bristol, and in the house of his brother-in-law, George Muller. But after his return to Chittoor, his health began to fail, and in 1852 he returned to Bristol, practically an invalid. It became evident that he was afflicted with cancer of the stomach. The story of the concluding days is very pathetic. He suffered much, but was happy in the Lord and in the company of the many who deeply loved and appreciated him for his work's sake. "He was," one writes, "during those ten days, in a most blessed frame of mind. It was truly refreshing to be with him." On May 20th, 1853, in George Muller's house, he fell asleep.

Humanly speaking, it was a shadowed life. Some of the clouds lifted before the end. A relative's death put sufficient money in his hands to straighten out all the sad financial troubles of the Chittoor industrial mission. Aroolappen's course gave him deep joy. But he never lived to see, perhaps he barely dreamed, how God would in after years build on his foundations laid in faith, not only in India but in many a land besides.

Aroolappen.

The interest of the next few years principally centres around Aroolappen and the work at Christianpettah, in North Tinnevelli. Everyone realizes that the European missionary can only be the pioneer, or at a later stage the "bishop" in the New Testament sense of the word, in a heathen town or district; the most far-reaching evangelism will have to be by native agency. Therefore the raising up of an efficient, godly native ministry is probably

the most important part of a missionary's labours. He is not often rewarded by the appearance of a man of such power and widespread influence as Hsi of China, Kama of Africa, or Aroolappen of India.

Aroolappen was about seventeen when he met Mr. Groves in Tinnevelli in 1834. He had been brought up in a mission school, and was a Christian already. A deep and tender attachment sprang up between them. They lived on terms of intimacy not common between an Englishman and an Indian. He drank in all those principles of New Testament doctrine and practice that had done so much to mould Mr. Groves' own life. When he launched out into Christian service, he absolutely refused any salary, but earned his living by agriculture. Other converted Indians gathered around him, and they built a village, significantly called Christianpettah, where he and they worked, tilled the soil, worshipped, broke bread, preached, and baptized. It was amazing to the heathens and the Christians alike to see all this carried on without an ordained man to conduct it. A printing press was set up, and Aroolappen translated "Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," and other tracts into the vernacular. In 1859 he wrote, "five hundred had renounced idolatry, but one hundred and seventy-two only learn and hear attentively." Fourteen native elders were working with him, and there were thirty village stations with 673 persons under instruction. The list of elders and villages is given in the "Missionary Reporter" for 1858. Aroolappen's own support, and that of the schoolmasters and teachers, came partly from his cultivated land, and partly from gifts. The Christians in England who corresponded with him regularly were Mr. Van Sommer (Editor of the "Missionary Reporter"), Mr. George Muller, Mr. Berger, Mr. John Carter, Mr. Thomas Penn, Mr. Henry Groves, Mr. W. Collingwood and Mrs. A. N. Groves.

His extant writings show a beautiful spirit and a mind deeply saturated in God and His word. He was constantly engaged in itinerating work and bazaar preaching, and ran several out stations with schools. Here are the headings of one of his addresses. "'Watch.' First, because we do not know the appearance of the Lord; second, because we are liable to sleep always; third, because our enemies are so watchful to do mischief to us (this sermon was preached at the time of the Indian Mutiny); fourth, because the dangers of the world shall come severely and suddenly on all those who are unwatchful; and fifthly, because we can be saved from the wrath to come only through the blood of Christ."

In 1859 a great revival broke out in the north of Ireland, and spread over England. Aroolappen read of it in the "Missionary

Reporter" (the precursor of "Echoes of Service"), and set himself to pray for it in India, and to preach from such texts as "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." "So the people were inclined to pray for the Holy Spirit. . . . In the night when we broke the bread, I exhorted the church on three subjects, namely, to abhor sins, and to leave off at once; secondly, to meditate on the Scriptures in the night and in the day; and thirdly, to love the Lord Jesus Christ." Next day two women called on him, deeply convicted of sin, and praying for the Holy Spirit. Presently their sorrow gave place to joy. Others joined them, Aroolappen's son and daughters amongst them. Extraordinary scenes followed. Many were publicly confessing their faults, deeply exercised, and searching the Scriptures. There was a great putting away of open sin. Many went out to preach the gospel. Hundreds were converted. The good work spread to the surrounding congregations of the Church Missionary Society. The C.M.S. English missionaries looked on at first with a good deal of reserve. As in Ireland and America, as in the Welsh revival of 1905, and other occasions, there were strange happenings, physical prostrations, dreams, visions, speaking with tongues, and other outward signs which were in some cases the devil's counterfeits of a work of God, but even the most cautious came to see that for the most part it was a blessed work of God —as real a visitation of the Spirit as the '59 revival in Ireland and England. One C.M.S. missionary wrote, "One of the most striking things about it is the extraordinary readiness they all seemed to have in finding out appropriate passages of Scripture. All, too, set it down to the painful feeling of sin; all had one thought, too, about the sufferings of Christ Jesus for them." This missionary visited a boys' school where the lads were planning to go out and preach, and questioned them. "How could little children like you preach to grown-up men?" "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength," was immediately the answer. "How will you prove that the word you read is God's word?" "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," was at once answered. He said to a very little and very quiet boy, "The people will laugh at you and make fun of you, if you go to preach." He immediately turned to the passage in St. Peter, where the apostle speaks of scoffers coming in the last days. For five years these remarkable manifestations persisted. For a while Aroolappen's friends in England were very anxious lest he might be spoiled by it, or attach too much importance to the external and more easily counterfeited signs, but he quietly returned as these signs passed away to the diligent preaching of the gospel, and to the building up of the great new work. When he died in 1866, with the words, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," on his lips, he left behind him to carry on the

work his son, and twenty converted native catechists. To this day there are Christians in Christianpettah, and it is regularly visited by our brethren and sisters in the district.

The Godaveri Mission.

We must now turn to the Mission in the Godaveri delta. The first workers, as we have seen, were Messrs. George Beer and William Bowden and their wives, who went out from Barnstaple with Mr. Groves in 1836. They settled at Narsapur, and commenced a long, steady, quietly successful work for God. There is not much to make a story of; the service was comparatively uneventful, and of the earlier years of the Mission, before "Echoes of Service" was started, little is now known. One would like to hear, for instance, how they fared during the Mutiny, but the writer has not been able to discover any details. Mr. Beer died in 1853, but his wife continued for many years to carry on the school work which had been started. Apparently she gave her life to India, and never revisited this country. In 1855 God provided another worker, Mr. T. Heelis, who was second officer on a merchant ship, and was led to join the Mission when twenty-two years of age. He also did not believe in furloughs; he only came to England once in the course of fifty-five years, and died at his post in 1911. His long residence in the country and intimate knowledge of the language fitted him to take a share in the work of the Committee which revised the Telegu version of the Bible.

At first there were severe trials of faith for all the workers. Some English Christians ceased to help them financially. They were desperately lonely. For eighteen months the Beers and Bowdens at one period received not a single letter. Mr. Bowden laboured for six years before a soul was converted, and was almost thinking of giving it up when a woman named Achema, the first fruits of the Godaveri, was brought to the truth in a very remarkable manner, and began to testify brightly. Then a shoemaker was saved; then a man named Peter, who became a splendid worker.

The ladies carried on school work for girls, and to encourage them Mrs. Beer gave them a little rice, and twice a year a jacket and petticoat. This was the only way in which they could be persuaded to attend.

The India of those days was dark and dangerous. Mr. Heelis wrote in 1860, "Seeing a number of peacocks on the river's bank, along which we were passing in a kind of boat, I landed with a gun, in hopes of getting one for curry. On ascending the bank I lost all traces of the peacocks, but hoping to find them amongst the bushes, I walked a short distance into the jungle. But before

going a hundred yards a monstrous tiger sprang up close to me, giving three tremendous roars. Through the mercy of God I did not lose nerve, but was enabled to face him with the gun, upon which, turning to one side, he very leisurely walked off, every now and then giving me a side glance. I watched the noble animal until he was out of sight, when, fearing there might be another near, I mounted a tree, gun in hand, and hailed my people, who soon came. Praise the Lord, O my soul ! . . . On the first day of the festival, I witnessed for the first time the swinging of human beings, hooks being passed through the skin of the back. I witnessed myself the swinging of fifteen." In a long letter to Sunday school children (a model of all that such a letter should be) he explains that this self-torture is all an effort to obtain forgiveness for sin. In another letter—" Their ideas of sin are very erroneous. On asking some young men what they considered the greatest of sins, one replied, ' the killing of a cat,' and on being asked whether that, or the killing of a man were the greatest sin, he immediately said, ' the killing of a cat is the greatest.' Also they say, if you gain by lying, it is no sin to do so."

Mrs. Beer's two sons both gave themselves to the work, from which their father had been removed, and the younger, Mr. Charles Beer, continues in it to this day (1866 to 1919). He is the senior of the missionaries appearing in the " Echoes " list. One of Mr. Bowden's sons also joined the Mission, and the grandson, Mr. E. S. Bowden, is still at Chittapetta.

The principal methods of work were village touring and preaching, and day schools for children. There were not the thrilling scenes and great ingatherings which we have read of at Christianpettah, but instead a long, long record of conversions in ones and twos and little groups. In 1865 there were fifty native believers in fellowship at Narsapur. Some of the converts were men of power. There were native evangelists giving their whole time to teaching or preaching. There was a native doctor named Allasahib, who preached Christ everywhere to the sick as he visited them. On one occasion he was in a house in which had been a heathen altar for generations, the owner, Brammiya, being the priest, and his mother the oracle. Brammiya accepted then and there the word spoken, and broke up the altar immediately ; his mother gave up her sorceries, and he began preaching day and night.

And how were they supported ? It is certain that there were times when faith was tried ; we have already seen that each family lived on thirty rupees a month in 1840 or thereabouts, and in 1861 Mrs. Beer writes about the school, " I am having additional windows and door put in the boys' schoolroom so that it may be used as a meeting house on Lord's days. We think strangers will be induced to stop on passing by when they would not like to go to the house. I am sorry to say the room is altogether desti-

tute of furniture, but I must wait on the Lord for means to supply it." On another occasion Mr. Beer says they cannot have another school teacher because it would cost *a pound a month* to support him !

Yet—their needs were met, although the missionary party grew, although they did not come home to stir up interest, although there was no Committee behind them, and the "Missionary Reporter," which played to some extent the part that "Echoes of Service" does now, was only in being from 1855 to 1862. Mr. George Muller was enabled by God to send out a considerable sum year after year, from the money put into his hands for the Lord's work abroad, but there must have been many and many a time when the gifts came, they knew not how, just as their Heavenly Father moved someone to answer the prayers that He alone had heard.

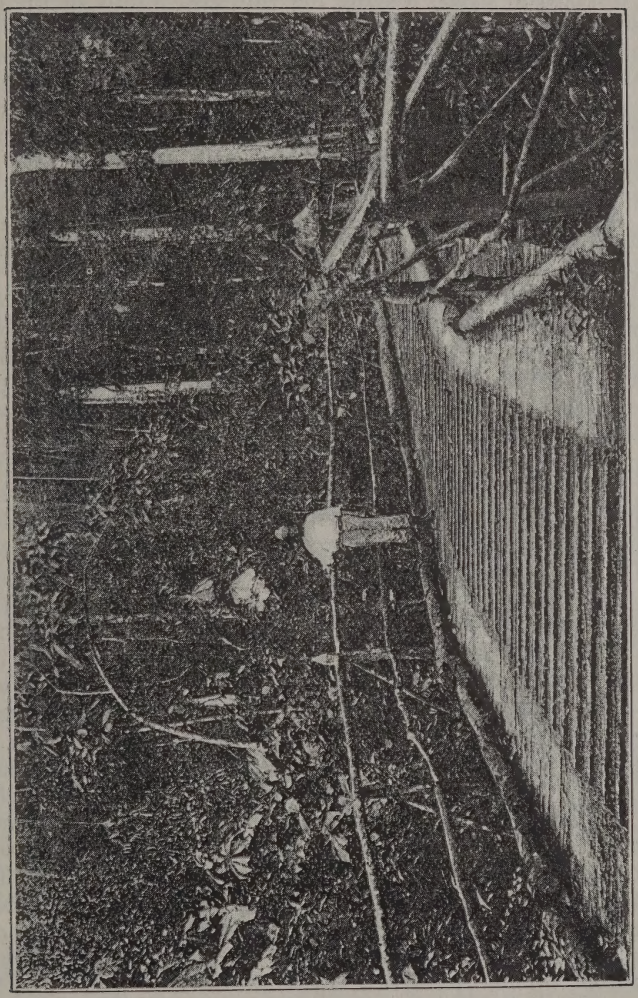
To-day there are twenty-eight workers in the Godaveri Delta Mission, at eight principal stations, with several hundreds in fellowship. In the whole of India there are nearly one hundred and fifty workers on the "Echoes" list, and some of the most fruitful fields are still in the Tinnevelli district where Aroolappen laboured. So the grain of mustard seed has become a great tree, because the life-force in it was the Spirit of God. He brings success out of apparent failure, and A. N. Groves' clouded service in India was not in vain.

CHAPTER IV.

A Work of God in British Guiana.

British Guiana a hundred years ago consisted of a strip of coast cultivated by white planters, and inland a great tangled forest, full of streams, marsh and rivers, inhabited only by Arawaks and other tribes of Indians. The plantations mostly clustered around the mouths of three great rivers, the Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo. The capital was Georgetown, on the Demerara river. The population consisted of a comparatively small number of white planters, mostly English and Dutch, and about eight times as many negro slaves, whose numbers were recruited by slave-ships from Africa, until in 1807 this horrible traffic ceased. The negroes worked the sugar and cotton plantations, and their condition and treatment was about the same as that described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They lived in filthy huts like kennels, seldom cleaned out; they had no furniture except an iron pot and a blanket per person. Their food was salt fish and vegetables. At six every morning the slave-drivers turned them out with the whip to work till six in the evening, or sometimes longer. They had no rights and no redress. For every infraction of a command they were brutally beaten. If they died of the punishment, no one cared. Their moral life was low and degraded, but in this respect their white masters were little better. Their religion was much like that of the heathen African of to-day. Obeahism played a large part in it; this was a kind of divining by a fetish doctor, or obeah-man, demanding the sacrifice of some animal or bird, or occasionally of a human life. Such a welter of misery and degradation it would have been hard to find elsewhere in the round world.

In 1805, a Methodist missionary tried to enter the colony to preach to the blacks, but the British Governor expelled him in eight days. The planters felt strongly that any attempt to convert the negroes or teach them to read would sooner or later ring the death-knell of slavery. There was one, however, a Mr. Post, of Le Resouvenir estate near Georgetown, who had a care for their souls, and at his urgent invitation the London Missionary Society sent out the Rev. John Wray in 1808. A chapel was built on the estate, Mr. Post contributing largely, and an apostolic ministry commenced. Many were converted, and a church formed. "Drunkards and fighters," says Mr. Post, "are changed into sober and peaceable people, and endeavour to please those who are set over them." Another missionary, Mr. Davies, came out and started a work in Georgetown.



ROAD IN BRITISH GUIANA.

Mr. Post died, and his successor was a man of the Legree type, who hated the gospel and most cruelly ill-used his slaves. In 1811 the Government forbad all meetings of slaves for any purpose whatsoever. Mr. Wray took the first ship to England, in spite of the captain's refusal to give him a passage, sleeping on top of the cotton bales, leaving his wife and infant in the colony. He laid the case before William Wilberforce, who got the British Parliament to decree liberty of meeting for the negroes both on Sundays and week-days. Mr. Wray found a new sphere of work in an estate belonging to the English Crown near the Berbice river. Horrible cruelties were only too common, and after one particularly flagrant case, he made another journey to England, and got a white planter fined for flogging a negro woman almost to death.

A new missionary, named John Smith, came out to Le Resouvenir in 1817. The Governor at Georgetown told him, "if ever you teach a negro to read I will banish you from the colony immediately." However, the slaves were intensely keen on the services, and the planters discovered that the best way to get a good day's work out of them was to give them permission to go to a prayer meeting after. The congregation soon grew to 800, and the church membership to 203, although godless slave-owners used sometimes to put all their negroes in the stocks on Sundays to keep them from attending.

In 1823, Wilberforce in England got a law passed that hours of labour for slaves in British Guiana must not exceed nine per day, and that women should not be flogged. The colonists kept the edict secret, and tried to prevent the negroes from knowing of it. The news leaked out, however, with exaggerations, and a rumour spread that "their freedom had come out from England." Great excitement arose. The unconverted son of a deacon of the Le Resouvenir church formed a plot to imprison all the whites. Mr. Smith got an inkling of this, and did his best to quiet the slaves, and succeeded in rescuing the manager of the estate when his life was threatened. The planters were greatly alarmed, took up arms, quenched the rising with great bloodshed and cruelty, and cast Mr. Smith into prison on a charge of fomenting the revolt. This was absolutely untrue, though false evidence was brought forward by negroes anxious to save their skins. In spite of abundant testimony to the contrary, he was condemned to be hanged. There was delay in carrying out the sentence; he was confined in a wretched cell in a malarious swamp, where in a few weeks, on February 6th, 1824, he died, in quiet and happy confidence in God. The colonists determined to get rid permanently of *all* missionaries. To hoodwink the Government in England they resolved to appoint and to pay chaplains of the State Church, *safe* men who could be trusted to do as they were told. They seized the chapel at Le Resouvenir, and put in one of their clergymen there. All mission work, except that of Mr. Wray in Berbice, came to an end.

Later the L.M.S. missionaries were allowed to return, and the work flourished to such an extent that in 1867 the British missionaries were withdrawn and the churches left to their own devices. The experiment, unfortunately, has not succeeded in maintaining a strong or spiritual work, though there were in 1895 over forty chapels.

Leonard Strong and Work amongst the Negroes.

Let us go back to 1827. In this year there was a clergyman of the Anglican Church, named Leonard Strong, working in the Demerara district. He was strong by nature as well as by name. His photograph, when well advanced in years, shows keen, forceful features, and a patriarchal white beard and "crown of glory," as Solomon calls the hoary head. He was once a young officer in the Navy, and when on duty in the West Indies had been all but drowned owing to his shore-going boat upsetting in a squall. This brought his sins before him, and he cried to God for mercy. Being saved, he bent his whole life's purpose to serve the Lord with all his might.

He came home, left the Navy, took out a course in theology, and was ordained curate of Ross-on-Wye. But the West Indies called him, and he set sail for British Guiana. When there, his preaching and house-to-house ministry were greatly blessed, so much so that his parishioners were annoyed, and got him removed. He went to Peters Hall, on the Demerara river, between Le Resouvenir and Georgetown, and there began his work again both at Peters Hall and in Georgetown. Meanwhile, his diligent and independent study of the Scriptures was teaching him some practical truths as to worship and service that he found impossible to reconcile with his position in the Church of England. Years before Anthony Norris Groves and his friends, Leonard Strong read the same Bible and found the same principles. So in 1827 he gave up his living, worth £800 a year, and his manse, and ventured out on God alone. How he was supported in his early years no one knows. George Muller came to hear of the work in 1842, and began to send out considerable sums.

The first meeting was held in a large shed used for drying coffee. About two thousand were present, some having walked many miles to attend. Another start was made in an old Dutch house in Georgetown. Both assemblies continue to the present day, though, of course, in better buildings. The method was to choose a village or district, work hard at it till there were enough converts to form a church, and then to move elsewhere, visiting at frequent intervals to exercise some godly oversight. They were "Breaking Bread" in Georgetown earlier than in Dublin or Plymouth.

On August 1st, 1834, the Emancipation Act came into force, and at great cost England purchased the freedom of the slaves.

The rapturous joy of the negroes cannot be imagined, much less described. There were happy, thankful, crowded meetings in all the preaching sheds and chapels that glad day.

In or about the year 1840 Mr. Joseph Collier went out from London to take up missionary work in the colony, followed by his brother Henry, and Mr Daniel French, of Bristol, in 1842. These all took up stations in the Demerara district, Mr. Joseph Collier being in Georgetown itself. Mr. Leonard Strong, after a few years more of service, had to leave the colony, and busied himself in England pressing on the church here the needs of the work. Several letters from him appear in the "Missionary Reporter" for 1861 and previous issues. He died in 1874.

Mr. French's station was at Victoria, where a Christian village sprang up. About forty ex-slaves, who were now earning good money on the sugar estates, banded together to buy a derelict plantation to cultivate on their own account. As they were all professed believers, they drew up an interesting code of rules to regulate their village; there was to be no grog-shop or dancing-hall, and private dances were not allowed. Marriage was to be insisted upon and no immorality permitted. Sunday had to be religiously observed. A large Gospel Hall was built, with day school and Sunday school, in which young and old learnt to read the Bible.

Work amongst these negroes had then, and has still, its peculiar joys and its peculiar trials. The happy side of the work was that the blacks were religious by nature, and of a responsive, affectionate disposition. It was comparatively easy to get converts. The drawback was instability of character. They were only too readily led away by sins of the flesh, and apt to quarrel amongst themselves. Godly discipline was therefore more than ordinarily difficult, and the occasional or continual presence of a responsible white brother made almost an essential for the permanence of a work.

When they were no longer able to compel the negroes to work by fear of the lash, the planters had much difficulty in securing an adequate supply of labour for their estates, and large numbers of Tamil, Chinese, and other coolies were imported into British Guiana. The diversity of race and language greatly complicated the missionary problem, and it became necessary to provide workers in three or four different languages. Thus there has been one succession of labourers amongst the blacks, another amongst the aboriginal Arawak Indians, and a third more broken succession amongst the coolies also. It will only be possible here to notice a few of the more outstanding names.

Mr. French moved to Danielstown, Essequibo, where he laboured with considerable success for many years, eventually returning to Bristol. I remember him well—a gracious, white-haired old gentleman who used to sit in the same seat at the morn-

ing meeting when the writer was a small boy. The Essequibo station has now been cared for many years by Mr. Wilson Nicholls, another Bristolian.

The assembly at Georgetown has been and still is one of the largest, if not the largest, of the mission stations referred to in this book. It has had a succession of godly, devoted, hardworking pastors—Leonard Strong, Joseph Collier, J. G. Huntly, of Sunderland (1857 to 1886), Robert Kingsland (1853 to 1889), John Rymer, and others. Mr. Rymer was a Yorkshireman who came to Bristol when he was about twenty years old to be near Mr. George Muller, whose writings had been greatly blessed to him, but before long he felt that God was calling him to service in Demerara. It was years before his purpose matured into action, but I remember well his telling me that the delay was of the utmost service to him, because it led to the growth of such an overwhelming confidence that God had called him to that particular work that if there had been no other way of getting to British Guiana he would have started to walk, and in all subsequent difficulties, if the devil tempted him to ask why was he there, he had the happy assurance in his soul that the Lord had sent him. When he arrived, things had gone ill with the assembly, but his zeal, prayers, and godliness were used to a great upbuilding, and he became the best-respected man in the colony. The numbers in fellowship grew from seven to seven hundred. Not only in Georgetown, but in the villages around, and up the rivers, he did an apostolic work. After nearly thirty years of labour, symptoms of anaesthetic leprosy (not the deforming variety, but the more chronic nervous type) showed themselves, and it became necessary for him to leave Demerara. No doubt he became infected whilst visiting his flock. He arrived in England on October 7th, 1907, and on the advice of a London specialist was admitted to the Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic in Queen's Square. His wife was stricken with pneumonia, and on November 22nd she fell asleep in Jesus. Mr. Rymer was brought in a cab to visit her, but he, too, took cold, pneumonia set in, and he died on November 28th. What a welcome he must have had from the once dark-skinned slaves or children of slaves who had been shown by him the way to Paradise! The work at Georgetown is now carried on by Mr. T. Wales.

The Chinese Coolies.

Amongst the Chinese coolies brought as indentured labourers to the colony was a Christian named Lough ah Fook, converted in China. He worked first on a sugar estate, but was recognized as a Christian by a Chinese brother in one of the meetings, and soon became a zealous evangelist amongst his own countrymen. He married a young coloured woman in 1869, and bought off his indentureship to give his time entirely to the Lord's work. He

was greatly helped on by Mr. and Mrs. Huntley, and his labours were much blessed at a place named Hyde Park on the Demerara river, where a meeting-house was built. Later, he went into business as a provision dealer, spending most of his profits on the work and leaving his shops to support it after his death. In 1887 there were as many as two hundred Chinese in fellowship in three or four centres. Unhappily, for want of pastors and teachers this promising work gradually scattered and to-day there is little or nothing left. The Chinese meeting-hall still stands, but as the keeper sadly remarked, as he and a visitor listened to the rustling overhead, "Plenty bat, no people." Thank God, in spite of the failure on earth, many of these saved souls are gathered in Heaven.

The Indians.

The first missionary to devote himself principally to the Arawak Indians was a Swiss named John Meyer, about 1840. Meyer was a born pioneer, a man inured to hardship, of unconquerable devotion, and with some of the defects of his qualities. God raises up special men to do special work, and it is neither right nor possible to judge them by ordinary standards. He began by visiting the Tapacooma, where there were some Indian settlements, and his heart was stirred up to do something for them. He got the chief to send his son and another lad to come to a school for negro children, promising to clothe and feed them if they came. Some of the Indian adults were also persuaded to attend the meetings on Sundays, though probably they understood little. Before long he had about a dozen children to provide for and educate, and whilst he taught them English they taught him Arawak. He had the Swiss gift for languages, and was soon able to preach and to gather an Indian congregation, some being converted. His success was shortlived. A neighbouring clergyman, one of the colonists' "safe" men, who had previously done nothing for them, got them to desert Mr. Meyer and his meetings.

Thwarted at Tapacooma, the missionary resolved to begin again right up one of the great rivers, where there was not likely to be any interference. Helped on his journey by Mr. Aveline and some black brethren, he reached a settlement 150 miles up the Berbice river, called Cumaka, where he found a great number of Indians gathered for a feast. They were astonished at the sudden arrival of a white man, and his announcement that he came as the messenger of the great God, whom they distantly worshipped, to tell them how He had sent His Son to die for them and open the way to Heaven, thoroughly captured their attention and interest. They entertained him while he stayed with them.

The Indians are a quiet, timid, stolid people, living in the recesses of the forest, finding a living by fishing, cultivating cassava, sweet potato and maize, and hunting. They live in small

CAMP STREET, GEORGETOWN.

The gate of the Meeting Room is behind the first telegraph pole on the right.

colonies, and often change their abode. The Arawaks are only one of five tribes, with different languages and customs. They believe in God, but also in a variety of wicked spirits, and in practice their religion is much more concerned with appeasing the devils than worshipping their far-away God, who cares nothing for the human race. As amongst many other savage tribes, sickness and death are regarded as due not to natural causes but to the witchcraft of an enemy, and the fetish-man is sent for to divine who bewitched the sufferer. The relatives then pursue the supposed enemy, stun him, and make a poisonous snake bite his tongue so that he dies in agony. They are great hunters, using an arrow poisoned with curare, which paralyses the wounded animal.

Work amongst them has its trials. They seem uncomprehending and irresponsive; they are difficult to find and keep in touch with in any number; life amongst them for a white man is rendered miserable by biting insects, fevers and privation.

After a few days at Cumaka, Meyer decided to go and fetch his wife and settle there. "Wishing to go to New Amsterdam, he was directed to a short way through the bush, which would cut off a great bend of the river, and he started along the footpath. It is with regret that we record that the dear man was occasionally very strait-laced in some things. He looked upon many of the little necessities of civilisation as unbecoming the use of a Christian; he styled them 'Babylonish,' and for this reason would not even carry a compass or watch; and on one occasion a doll being given to one of his children, he threw it into the fire as 'Babylonish.' With nothing to guide his course in the gloomy forest, he soon lost the footpath, and after walking until night fell (he should have reached his destination in three hours), he slung up his hammock and sought some rest. All next day he journeyed on, without food or water, and was thankful to come across a couple of wild pineapples. The third day he came to the bank of a small creek where there were traces of someone having recently camped. Being now quite spent and faint, he lay down (as he thought) to die. Next day he wrote an account of his wanderings since parting with Mr. Aveline, and gave directions for forwarding his papers to his wife. All he could get that day to eat was a few leaves. On the morning of the fifth day he found himself so weak that he could not get out of his hammock; so he commended his spirit to the God who gave it and had loved him and given him eternal life. Just then he heard a gunshot near by, and his faint cries brought to his help some Indians who were passing. They soon realized his condition and ministered to his wants, telling him that it was the Abury Creek he had reached, about twenty miles west of the Berbice river. Taking him with them to their settlement a little further down, they entertained him, and next morning took him by a cross-cut to New Amster-

dam, where, at the London Missionary station, he was kindly cared for by Mr. Dalgliesh, and helped on his way back to Taymouth Manor—to the no small joy of his wife, who had been carrying on the school alone in his absence. He had now fully made up his mind that it was the will of God that he should settle among the Arawaks on the Berbice river. Seeking counsel, it was thought advisable that he should make another trip to Cumaka before his family went there, so Mr. Aveline accompanied him. Arrived at Lana, a short distance from Cumaka, a woodcutter offered him a house free of rent, but this he refused, for he was determined that if he dwelt among the Indians he would live as much like them as possible.

"They soon put him up a banab like their own—an open shed covered with troolie leaves, with an earthen floor; also that most necessary piece of furniture, the bedstead of stakes, driven into the ground, and laths of split manicole palms. Combined with the eccentricities already referred to was an independent spirit that would not brook anything that appeared like interference; this often hindered his fellow believers from ministering to him as they would wish lest they should unwittingly give offence. This entailed extra hardships and privations, not only on himself, but also on his devoted, like-minded and loving wife, who uncomplainingly bore it all with heroic fortitude, even glorying in their privations. As soon as the hut was ready he fetched Mrs. Meyer and the children, and after some weeks of tedious travel they arrived at Cumaka and commenced a work, in dependence on God alone, the fruits of which Eternity alone will manifest. Isolated and friendless strangers among a strange people, we see this devoted pair giving themselves entirely up to labour for the glory of God and the good of souls. When Mr. Meyer was able to obtain a canoe he began to travel about (for he was not going to "rust out" at Cumaka) visiting the various settlements scattered on the river, and reaching the furthermost of the Arawaks at Manaka. Here God's mighty power was manifest; a pixie man, or sorcerer, whose influence over the minds of these people was untold, was converted, and this place became another mission station, although one which could only be visited periodically. In a short time some ten or twelve believers were gathered here in Christian fellowship, among whom were some of the Acawios. The toil and dangers of these lonely journeys were not a few, and the weariness of 'paddling his own canoe' against a strong current on the dangerous upper reaches of this river, strewn as it was with twigs and fallen trees, and infested with snakes and alligators, was such that nothing but God-given strength could endure.

"After they had settled at Cumaka about twelve months, when Mr. Meyer was away on a journey, Mrs. Meyer was taken ill; the exposure of an open dwelling, the untold privation and

hardships brought on serious complications, so that her life was despaired of. She sank so low that the Indian woman who was doing duty as nurse thought she had passed away and left the room. It pleased the Lord, however, to raise her up, and on recovering consciousness her eyes opened on a large snake suspended from one of the rafters over the bed. Her faint cry reached the Indians, who came and quickly despatched it. On another occasion at Manaka, where they had just arrived, when going into the sleeping room, Mrs. Meyer kicked against something at the foot of the bed. She did not for a moment give any heed, but with her foot tried to put it out of the way; there came an ominous rattle, and she knew that a deadly rattlesnake was the sharer of her bedroom. Another time when about to get into her hammock she felt it already had an occupant, but thought it was only a tame monkey, so she turned the hammock inside out and something fell heavily to the ground; a large labaria, a very venomous snake, uncoiled itself and crawled away. On yet another occasion a snake dropped at her feet and made off into hiding. The instances of God's gracious protecting care from snakes and other venomous things, as well as from jaguars, which often came prowling about the settlement at night, and could easily enter a room unprotected by doors or windows, are numerous and cannot accurately be mentioned.

"No small discomfort, either, was the visitation of the settlement at certain periods by swarms of flies. These small pests settle in immense numbers on the face and eyes, and cause such irritation that partial blindness is the result. Every mouthful of food gets covered with them, and it is difficult to eat without swallowing flies also. The insect known as the 'chigoe,' too, abounded. This is a little parasite that burrows into the flesh, choosing the corners of the toe-nails and between the toes. It lays its eggs in the cavity it has formed, and if neglected they will hatch and burrow further, causing horrible sores and even the loss of a toe. Occasional visits from Mr. Aveline were times of much refreshing; and doubly welcome when he was able, as was often the case, to take them substantial tokens of fellowship from Bristol, sent by Mr. George Muller. On one occasion he made the journey for this purpose on foot from Demerara River with the aid of a compass. After four days' solitary walking he struck the settlement at Cumaka. Mr. Meyer's simple, childlike trust in God led him into acts that many, with less faith, would call improvident; for he would often start on journeys that might probably occupy a month without any provision, trusting to be supplied by those he visited; and too often he arrived almost famished at an encampment only to find Indians as badly off as himself. The continual strain on one who never spared himself while souls were perishing around, and whose whole life manifested that he was indeed 'crucified to the world,' told upon a

constitution that was never robust. After working in the wet to repair his boat, an attack of fever seized him and put an end to his ministry. With few parallels for unswerving self-sacrifice and devotion, he fell asleep, after a few days' illness, surrounded by his beloved Indians, and he was buried by them in a grave dug according to their custom, in the centre of his house. A large mora tree growing out of the grave now marks the spot."*

When a great chief dies the Indians leave the place and start a new settlement. So they did on this occasion. Their new dwelling was at Weiroony Creek. This was in 1847.

Mr. Aveline, who had been a midshipman in the Navy, carried on the work as long as he lived, travelling incessantly by canoe up and down the rivers. Some converted Indians, especially a woman named Cargie, and two men, John Hope and Leonard Strong (named after the pioneer), rendered important service in caring for the little assemblies of believers.

When Mr. Aveline died it looked as if the work might die out, especially as the Indians had not the Scriptures, and their language was not reduced to writing. Mr. Strong, who in England watched over and cared for the missionary work in British Guiana, was led to pray privately for a brother to go out, married but with no children, to settle amongst the Indians. He mentioned the need, " and lo ! a Christian, unknown to us, a London postman, who used his time on Lord's days in visiting the sick and poor, wrote that it was in his heart to go. He had a wife, but no children." This was Alfred Gardner, who went out in 1872. His service was brief but fruitful. He took long journeys up and down the various rivers, seeking to reach the largest possible numbers. He learned the language well, and his wife was conducting a flourishing school. In July, 1874, on a big river journey, he got lost in a swamp amidst a terrific storm, and a few days after his return to Matara, the station on the Weiroony, he fell ill, and on August 12th he was dead. Before long God raised up another shepherd for these sheep, Mr. Henry Tayler, who continues the work to this day.

* From Mr. Case's " On Sea and Land."

CHAPTER V.

A Spiritual Awakening in Modern Italy.

TO follow the romantic and deeply interesting story of the origins of a work of God in modern Italy, one needs a certain amount of historical background.

In the period 1830-1840, when our narrative begins, Italy was not a united kingdom, but separated into a number of small States. The only link was that of race and language. Lombardy (capital Milan) and Venetia (capital Venice) were under the rule of Austria, compelled to accept all the propaganda of that power, full of police spies, intensely Roman Catholic, but on the whole education and justice were reasonably efficient. The island of Sardinia and the State of Piedmont in north-west Italy, including Turin and Genoa, were under patriotic Italian kings, and were the best governed part of the country. Tuscany (capital Florence) and some smaller States were under corrupt Austrian princelings, more or less dominated by that Empire, badly mismanaged, and full of discontent. The Papal States, including Rome, were under the direct rule of the Pope, and the state of affairs was awful. The cities were filthy, ill-lighted and poverty-stricken, the fertile Campagna was a malarious desert, the rural districts swarmed with brigands and the towns with thieves, and all freedom of speech or thought was ruthlessly crushed out by the Inquisition and torture. Austria stood ready to quell any attempt at revolution. The southern part of Italy, the kingdom of Naples with Sicily, was almost as bad, under a cruel and treacherous tyrant named Ferdinand. Insurrections broke out every few years and were quenched in blood.

Patriotic Italians in each of the States longed for freedom and better government, but they were hopelessly disunited, and n any case they were powerless against the armies of Austria. All they could do was to fume and to plot in secret societies, such as the Carbonari (originally a trade guild of charcoal burners). One of these was Mazzini. Exiled from Italy, he fled to England, and from this country he flooded each of the States with letters and pamphlets calling upon his compatriots to unite, throw off the Austrian yoke, and proclaim a Republic. What a soil in which to plant the seed of the Gospel! Rome watched like a cat for a mouse any least suspicion of deviation from her spiritual authority. Only in the Waldensian valleys, and amongst a few Swiss and other foreign residents in the country were Protestants barely tolerated.

In 1833 the Duke of Tuscany, moved by a brief enthusiasm or popular education, asked his friend Count Guicciardini, twenty-four years of age, a member of one of the best-known noble houses in Italy—the street and the palace named after the family are still to be seen in Florence—to organize a better educational system. It was like making bricks without straw. Casting about for some text-book which would assist in the teaching of morals to children, a friend advised him to try the Gospels. He was not able to find an Italian translation, but in his library there were copies of the Latin Vulgate, and he commenced to read this and translate parts into Italian to tell stories to the school children. He soon found much more than he sought. He brought to the study a receptive and unprejudiced mind; his will was open to be swayed by the truth. As he read with ever-deepening interest, it became clear to him that the principles and practices of the Romish Church were not those of Christ and the apostles. He felt sure that the Bible was the true light, and God gave him courage to follow it, Coming down the stairs of his magnificent palace one day, he noticed the caretaker at the bottom hurriedly thrusting away a book which he had been reading. The nobleman went and demanded to be shown it. It was a Bible in Italian. The poor man begged him not to betray him to the priests. Instead, the Count made him ascend the stairs to his room, and together they studied the New Testament as it was written, with minds unclouded by human misreadings of its meaning. Before long Guicciardini was a saved and enlightened soul, and seeking to find the communion of saints on earth. Those he found, some of them led to the Lord by his own teaching, were mostly in humble walks of life, and the meetings had to be in secret for fear of the police, but in 1846 they were breaking bread simply, without any priest, pastor, or ordained leader, and in 1848 the number had risen to forty. This was in Florence.

Those were exciting years in Italian history. In 1846 a new Pope was affected by a transient sympathy for the wretched people under his rule, and issued a pardon for political offences. This was as a spark to tinder. All the revolutionary and patriotic elements in Italian society sprang into action; the Duke of Tuscany and the other princelings fled, Milan and the North revolted against Austria, and Mazzini hastened to Rome. Guicciardini and his friends had a brief taste of liberty. But Austria triumphed at the battle of Custozza; Venetia, Lombardy and Piedmont were crushed, Ferdinand of Naples played the Italian patriots false; and after an heroic defence of Rome, in which Garibaldi, returned from exile in South America, and lately leader of a guerilla band in the Alps, wrought prodigies of valour and narrowly escaped with his life, the forces of reaction carried the day, Rome was taken, and all the bad old governments were restored. (1849)

Persecution soon arose in Florence. Two poor but godly pension-keepers, F. Madiai and his wife, were arrested and cast into prison, where they languished in great misery for two years until liberated at the instance of Christians in England. They visited numerous assemblies in this country, though sorely broken in health. In 1851 further edicts were issued against evangelical meetings, and a special prohibition was forwarded to Count Guicciardini. He resolved to leave the country for a time, and wrote to the saints left behind a long letter, truly a noble document, which shows us exactly what he and they stood for. It reminds them how they had gathered together by an individual determination to seek God and His Word; it counsels them to put their trust not in any man or particular church, but to "seek rather to belong to the one true Church which is invisible, the true and faithful believers in spirit and in truth. . . . Search the Scriptures, the Word of God, the whole Bible, and especially the New Testament, to be taught and corrected by them. . . . Remember the Lord's death in breaking the bread and drinking the wine. . . . Go from house to house to break bread. So did all the faithful, all the disciples in apostolic times. To do this there is no need of adornment, ceremony or special persons. All the faithful are priests. . . . The Lord will then manifest in the assembly of the faithful His diverse gifts and ministries, and the Church (not the Pope or any hierarchy) will acknowledge the gifts of the Spirit and the different ministries, trying the spirits by the Word, as is expressly ordered. And let no one be indifferent to seeking his own salvation. . . . Therefore let everyone examine himself whether he is really a member of Christ, washed in His precious blood. To be accursed and excommunicated by men is of little account; what matters is to be united and one with the Lord." What light in a dark place! How admirable is the teaching of the Spirit of God!

Four days later, the Count went to the house of a believer, Signor Betti, to say good-bye. With five others they read together John xv. In the middle of the chapter the bell rang, the police entered, and they were all seven arrested, and thrown into a damp, dirty cell in the historic Bargello prison, where they finished the chapter, the Count having a small New Testament in his pocket. The possession of the book led to their condemnation. It was all the evidence Rome required. The sentence was six months' imprisonment.

The Count's mother used all her influence to obtain his liberty, but he refused to be set free without his six brethren. Eventually, however, he was allowed to go to England.

In England the guiding hand of God brought him into association with brethren who had been led to the same principles and practice that he himself had learned from the Word—Mr. Walker,

of Teignmouth, Lord Congleton, Mr. George Muller, Mr. Robert Chapman, and others.

About this time there was another Italian in London, banished from his country for the Gospel's sake, named Ferretti, who, in spite of his deep poverty, published a little Christian paper which was smuggled into the various States by willing helpers and widely diffused. He earned his living by day, and edited and printed his paper in a garret by candlelight at night, until his eyesight gave way under the strain.

There was a third exile, and a very remarkable one. This was T. P. Rossetti, nephew of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He had been brought up a strict Roman Catholic in his home at Vasto, on the Adriatic, and early showed promise of becoming a great poet. When only nineteen his faith in Rome received a rude shock when he found a friend of his, a priest, enjoying a good breakfast before celebrating the Mass, and excusing this mortal sin by quoting the Bible. How, argued the priest, could the bread be the Lord's Body when the Lord Himself was present in bodily form when the sacrament was first instituted?

In 1846, when twenty-one years of age, Rossetti was a student at Naples University, and he became an ardent patriot. This brought him under the suspicious eye of Ferdinand's Government, and in 1851 he had to flee, first to France and then to England, to save his life. It is related that some British sailors hid him on board ship in a big barrel, and as he did not understand their laughing remarks as they cooped him in, he was much afraid that the barrel would be his grave. However, he got safely to London, and his uncle introduced him into literary society. He acted as Italian tutor to the future King Edward VII., and wrote Italian poetry.

God was watching over this ardent soul, so ignorant of the way of life, and brought him to Teignmouth, where he met Guicciardini. Walking along the beach, the Count quietly asked him, "If you were to die to-night, what would become of you?" Rossetti didn't know, didn't think it possible to know. Guicciardini knew where *he* was going. The conversation made an indelible impression.

A little time afterwards, one of his pupils in London, a Christian gentleman, proposed that they should read together in Italian the Epistle to the Ephesians. They came to the verse, "By grace are ye saved" and from that word the dawn rose in his soul. His pupil introduced him to a meeting of Brethren at Orchard Street, and here he was led on in the ways of God.

Brighter days were coming in Italy. Piedmont had a strong, sagacious, patriotic king in Victor Emmanuel, and a diplomatic genius, Count Cavour, as his Prime Minister. Cavour skilfully worked to unite the patriots of Italy, and to play off France against Austra. In 1859 Austria declared war, a French army

came to Victor Emmanuel's help, and the Emperor Francis Joseph was heavily defeated. This brought all Italy, except Venetia, the Papal States, and Naples under the liberal rule of the King of Piedmont and Sardinia. Next year the irrepressible adventurer Garibaldi, by an amazing combination of skill, daring and good fortune, landed with a thousand volunteers in Sicily, and delivered that island and all the south of Italy from the tyranny of Ferdinand's successor. Thus the whole country, except Venetia, the Trentino, and the Papal States, was united, and became open to the patriotic exiles, and also as a matter of legal right to the gospel, though much bitter opposition from bigoted Romanists remained and remains.

Count Guicciardini and Rossetti had already returned in 1857 or thereabouts, and the former got back a good deal of his confiscated property. Rossetti's passport to return and "to preach the gospel" was signed by Cavour himself. There was a memorable farewell meeting in Orchard Street, London, when he departed. Mr. Chapman gave the address of God-speed, Rossetti begged for the prayers of the brethren that he might be blessed to his beloved Italy, and one of the elders fervently responded as he knelt in the midst, the other elders laying their hands on his bowed head to commend him to God for the work that was to be so richly blessed.

He settled at Alessandria, and gathered round him a veritable "school of the prophets," a band of converted young men who became the evangelists and pastors of the little churches as they formed. Bitter persecution failed to deter them. In vain monks from Rome were sent to preach them down. Often they were stoned in the streets—Rossetti and Guicciardini used to wear padded clothes as a protection. On one occasion, when the attack had been specially severe and he and some of the evangelists had suffered, Rossetti turned with a smile and said, "I was praying that the stones might not hit your faith!" He became the hymn-writer for the Italian churches, and his choice verses form the basis for the praises of God's children in that country to this day. He and the Count travelled incessantly, and spread the Word everywhere.

I have before me as I write a most interesting account written by an English visitor, not altogether seeing eye to eye with the principles of the little flock in Italy, about the year 1858. He estimated that even at that time there were twenty thousand Italians reading the Scriptures smuggled in. In Genoa, Turin, Alessandria and Florence there were churches of true believers, and in many villages besides, even in the Papal States. The letters from these saints are full of blanks—place names and personal names are all cut out to avoid persecution. In Piedmont the meetings were open; elsewhere they met in secret. For the most part they were poor and unlettered, but some were educated

and natural leaders, such as Mazzarella of Genoa and Bologna, a University professor, whose class-rooms were crowded with young men and women of the upper classes as he lectured on moral philosophy and true religion. Another was Dr. de Sanctis, who left the Romish Church and joined the Waldensians, but later left them for the simpler position. He and the other believers put up with much persecution by thus *not* forming part of the Waldensian Church. They said that they had not come out from Rome to establish a Protestant priesthood; all believers were priests, and all might minister and break the bread. The Waldensians were a recognised religion with State protection; the simple believers had no such recognition or protection. There were evangelists and pastors, it is true, some of whom gave their whole time to God's work and were supported by gifts, partly from the little churches and partly from England, but these had no fixed salary, usurped no privileges, but merely exercised the gifts that God had given them, and bore the brunt of the persecutions and imprisonments. They broke bread from house to house. A few of these original evangelists are still living.

In 1866 Venetia was delivered from the Austrian yoke. Austria found herself engaged in a war with Prussia, and Victor Emmanuel took advantage of the situation to aid in the emancipation of Venice. The Prussians made peace before the Trentino and the country round Trieste could be snatched from the grip of the Austrian Empire. Four years later the French garrison which had bolstered up the power of the Pope in Rome and the Papal States had to be withdrawn on account of the Franco-Prussian war, and an Italian army entered Rome amid the joyful acclamations of the people. The Pope lost his temporal power, and retired to the Vatican with an air of injured innocence. Thus a measure of religious liberty was given to all the people of God in Italy. Through the breach in the Porta Pia, by which Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, there followed in the rear of the army an evangelist, Luigi, with a cartload of Bibles drawn by his faithful dog.

In 1871, the first united Love Feast was held at Spinetta—a never-to-be-forgotten time. About six hundred were present, some having walked from Thursday night to be present on the Lord's-day morning service. The first number of "Echoes of Service" gives Rossetti's thrilling account of the 1872 united Love Feast—"Oh, blessed be the love of the Father, which constrains all and urges all to respond to His invitation, to honour His Name and obey His commandments." There were nineteen evangelists present.

On Sunday, June 3rd, 1883, Rossetti attended the meeting around the Lord's Table at Florence. He read a number of scriptures, and spoke with great feeling and power of the joy and glory of the redeemed in Heaven. When he had finished his ministry,

and had brought those present almost to see on the horizon the sunlit towers of the City of God as the pilgrims saw them from the Delectable Mountains, he sat down, then rose again to give out a hymn. As he did so life suddenly failed, and his feet stood already within the City gates. Mr. Anderson writes, "Rossetti preached the gospel and taught the truth with that rare clearness and simplicity under which is hidden a rich store of learning. . . . Although the most cultured, classical man present, he always spoke so simply that the unlearned and young in the faith could understand the message. . . . He left the Church in Italy a rich inheritance of expository works, as sound in doctrine as they are clear in exposition. But what shall we say of his choice hymns? He was born a poet, and grace tuned his gift to the key of Heavenly praise. . . . From the snowy Alps to the smoking slopes of Etna the sweet verses of Rossetti are brightening the days of childhood, leading upward to God the praises of worshipping hearts, comforting the sorrowing, and calling the sinner to repentance."

Count Guicciardini died in 1886. He had laboured incessantly in the gospel and in caring for the spiritual welfare of the Churches, and freely spent of his means to help support the evangelists. It seemed as though the great leaders, the true "fathers in God," of the assemblies had been removed. God supplied the need. Brethren from England, as well as Italians, were raised up to act as counsellors and preachers. Mr. Honywill was eminently a man fitted by the Holy Ghost for this work, and Mr. J. S. Anderson, who went out from Glasgow in 1880, has carried on the service up to the present day, though of late years his health has compelled him to leave the country and spend a good many months in England each year.

There are now fourteen English workers in Italy, and about twenty Italian evangelists. There are fifty-six pastors at work in sixty-two churches, with twenty-five Sunday schools and four day schools.

CHAPTER VI.

Beginnings in Spain.

FEW, if any, countries in Europe have had a more unfortunate history during the nineteenth century than Spain. Nowhere had the Romish Church succeeded more thoroughly in crushing out all opposition. The Inquisition—it is still spoken of as the *Spanish* Inquisition—had been used with merciless brutality, and the brightest intellects and godliest souls had either perished or been driven from the country. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the nation has been under the judgment of God ever since as a consequence.

During the Napoleonic Wars, the whole of Spain was overrun by contending armies, French, British, and the Spanish guerilla bands. Then in 1820, King Ferdinand, who had overthrown all representative government and established an absolute monarchy, was so foolish as to insist on the payment by the Spanish colonies in America of a tribute of two million pounds. Naturally, they refused. The troops that were to be sent to coerce them mutinied, and for many years the country dragged on a zigzag course between despotism and revolution. The colonies all set up as independent States. So Spain lost her great Empire.

In 1833 Ferdinand died, leaving his widow Christina, a woman of infamous character, as regent for his young daughter Isabella. The late King's brother, Carlos, claimed the throne, and for ten years the country was given up to a civil war of the most ferocious cruelty. As may be supposed, the condition of the people became deplorable in the extreme. Commerce and education were at a standstill, and brigandage was rife. The Romish priesthood were in great power locally, but of central administration there was little or none. This was the Spain to which Mr. Robert Chapman, of Barnstaple, and his companions carried the gospel. Very little is known of their experiences, but we may gather pretty accurately what they must have been by reading the interesting narrative of George Borrow's "Bible in Spain." Certainly gossipping, hail-fellow-well-met old Don Jorge, with his insatiable appetite for the quaint, the spectacular, and the freakish, was a very different type of missionary, but it would be difficult to find a more graphic picture of the country. Scarcely anyone could read except the officials; booksellers were few and did little trade; poverty and crime were rife. Again and again Borrow or his agents were arrested; once he was sent to prison

for selling copies of Bibles in the gipsy language in Madrid, and it would have fared ill with him if the British authorities there had not intervened.

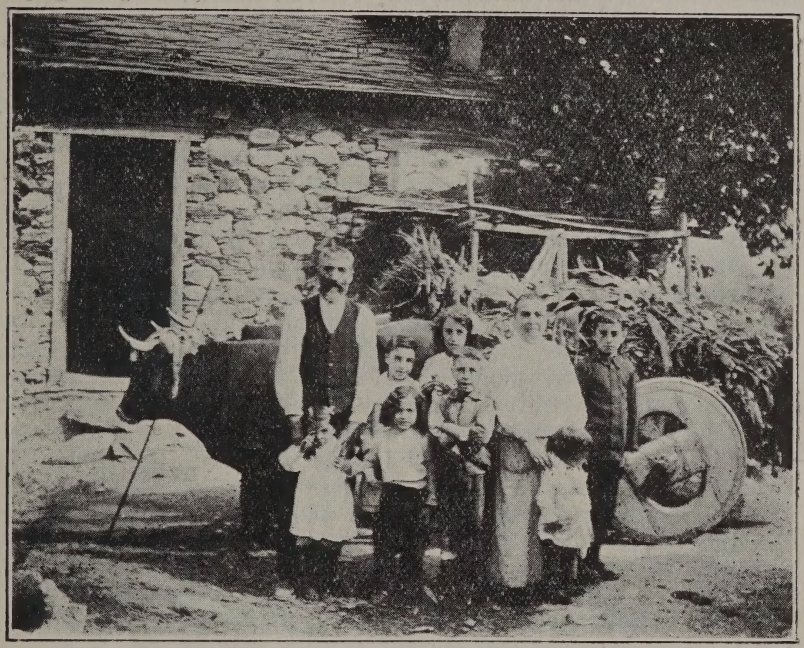
It was in 1838, whilst Borrow was still in the country, that Mr. Chapman, with two other Barnstaple brethren named Pick and Handcock, first visited Spain. Mr. Chapman was a man of a very remarkable and gracious spirit. He was born in Denmark in 1803, and on coming to England studied for the law. Whatever he did he did intently, and such good use did he make of his student days that he was able to preach in five languages. He was religiously brought up, but without the clear light of the gospel. When he was about twenty, walking in evening dress on his way to an entertainment, he was invited into John Street Chapel, Bedford Row, London, and heard a sermon by Dr. Harrington Evans that was used to his conversion. Dr. Evans had left the Church of England because he could not reconcile its teaching on infant baptism, union of Church and State, and the absence of holy discipline, with the Word of God, and he led on the convert to find in the New Testament the text-book for personal practice and public worship. The lesson was thoroughly learned. In 1832 Mr. Chapman removed to Barnstaple to minister to a Baptist Church, but in the course of a few years both he and the other members agreed that even baptism, right as it is, must not be made an essential condition for fellowship, and that God gives ministry, not through one man only in a church, but through several. For many years he entertained largely. An extraordinary number of children of God visited his humble dwelling to hear his gracious conversation. As it was no longer customary to wash the feet of fellow disciples, he used always to clean their boots! He has bequeathed to the present generation not only a holy memory, but a choice hymnology. Some of his verses, as

"O my Saviour, crucified,"

are in many hymn books.

Of his visits to Spain but little is known. He went again in 1863 and 1871. His first journey, at a time when the country was so unsettled and the priests and people so hostile, looked to his friends a most dangerous adventure, and they tried hard to dissuade him. But nothing moved him from his purpose. He told his friends that he counted on God's help in all circumstances, that he was persuaded it was the will of the Lord that he should go; and even if an assassin took his life, though the act would be a violent one, it would, nevertheless, give him entrance to his Father's home above.

He travelled through the country, generally on foot, in order to have better opportunities for speaking to persons alone. He found the people as a rule ready to listen to him when no one was near to overhear what was said. Even then the people hated the clergy, but fear caused them to be exceedingly reserved. No



CHRISTIAN FAMILY IN SPAIN.

With their house and bullock-cart.

doubt Mr. Chapman's countenance, which revealed his kindness of heart, was a great help to him in securing the ear of the people. One day when he was seated in a *diligence* in Spain, though he had not opened his lips, a man and a woman began to quarrel furiously in French, and at last the woman said, "I affirm that I am as innocent of that of which you accuse me as is that holy man of God sitting in the corner, who anyone can see is going straight to heaven."

There was something in God's responses to Mr. Chapman's prayers and faith on occasion, that in the eyes of ordinary Christians borders on the miraculous. Veteran missionaries in Spain have related how he would stand on a plot of ground and pray that the gospel might one day be preached there when nothing seemed more impossible, yet to-day we have halls on those very sites. The following incident is another case in point.

A Christian worker visiting Seville, probably in 1863, met in the diligence an elderly gentleman reading the Bible. They soon decided to travel together. "Mr. Chapman at once expressed his thanks, and handed me his purse; this greatly took me by surprise, and I thought I was in the company of a very good man, but a little 'touched in his upper storey.' On our arrival in Seville we were surrounded by a crowd, and a man demanded money to convey our luggage to the hotel. This we had already paid, so I stoutly resisted the imposition. In the midst of the altercation I felt a hand on my shoulder and Mr. Chapman said, 'Pay the man the money.' Hotly I replied, 'Indeed, Mr. Chapman, I shall not. Here is your purse, you can do as you like, but I won't be taken in like that.' Never shall I forget the scene that followed. Quickly taking from the purse the amount demanded, Mr. Chapman took the man's hand in his and, as he placed the money in it, told him that he was quite aware that it was an imposition, but he had come to his country to tell the glad tidings of salvation, that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.' The money must have burned in the man's hand as he stood there and listened to the gospel story. A great change already began to pass through my mind as to the one who was my travelling companion, and instead of feeling my own importance as a great and accomplished traveller, I felt more as a child compared with him. After tea Mr. Chapman asked if I would like a walk, to which I readily assented, and we spent some time together in passing from one part of the city to another. Presently Mr Chapman turned to me and said, 'Brother, do you know the way back to our hotel?' 'Know the way back! Why, no, I have never been in this city before!' 'Very well, then, let us ask God to guide us.' Instantly I found myself drawn to the entrance of a side street, and heard Mr. Chapman in prayer, telling the Lord that we were in this city as His servants and asking Him to guide us to the hotel, and to give us an opportunity of speaking to someone

about his soul. I was dumb. I knew nothing about this intimate intercourse and spirit of constant dependence upon God, and I just followed on. Presently we came to a street, and Mr. Chapman, who had been scanning the names over the shops, said 'That is an English name; let us go in.' It was a bell-hanger's. As we entered a man came from an inner room. Going to him, and holding out his hand, Mr. Chapman said, 'You are English?' 'Yes, that I am, and right glad to hear my mother tongue.' Mr. Chapman then said, 'We are here to preach the Gospel.' He asked the man if he was converted. 'This is the first time since I came to this country that anyone has asked me such a question, or cared anything about me. If that is your errand you had better come inside.' I followed wondering. Mr. Chapman's Bible was out at once, and soon a most interesting conversation over the Scriptures was going on. The man was deeply in earnest, and prayer followed. Then, on rising from his knees, Mr. Chapman said, 'We are strangers in the city; will you kindly direct us to ——— Hotel?' 'Direct you, sir; I'll go with you every step of the way,' was the ready response, and he did so, whilst I was deeply impressed with the character of the man of God into whose presence and companionship I had so unexpectedly been brought."

It was long before things began to improve politically in Spain. In 1843 Carlos and his supporters had been driven from the country, and Isabella was proclaimed of age and ruled as Queen until 1868, but throughout this period the priests were all-powerful, and the existence of some form of central government made it even more difficult for the Gospel to slip in quietly anywhere.

In 1858 a remarkable event took place, which reminds us of the origin of the testimony in Italy. A young man of good family, named Matamoros, about twenty-five years old, a seeker after the truth, was visiting Gibraltar, and wandered into a Protestant Church, where he heard and believed the Gospel. He got hold of a Bible and commenced to study it and practice its teachings. Practically without human assistance he was led on step by step, and for two years preached the Word so effectually to his friends that a large number of them were converted, and began to meet together in all simplicity to worship God. Then in 1860 the blow fell. The bigoted Romish authorities came to hear of this smoking flax, and proceeded to quench it in blood. Matamoros and eighteen companions were arrested and cast into prison. In spite of great cruelties, so graciously did he behave himself in the prison—what it was like George Borrow's narrative will tell—that the jailor's wife was converted. These events were reported in England, and some correspondence passed between brethren in this country and these Spanish believers. Some of Matamoros' letters are preserved in the "Missionary Reporter." Several of these lie before me as I write. One is written from

the prison in Barcelona, dated October 17th, 1860. It gives an account of his trial. The charge against him was solely his faith and practice. "My religion," he told the judge, "is that of Jesus Christ—my rule of faith is the Word of God, or Holy Bible; which, without a word altered, curtailed or added, is the basis of my belief. . . . The Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church not being based upon these principles, I do not believe in her dogmas, and still less do I obey her in practice." The judge said, "Do you know what you are saying?" "Yes, Sir," he replied, "I cannot deny it; I have put my hand to the plough, and I dare not look back." This bold stand encouraged his brethren, and no less than eighty persons signed a document declaring their faith in Christ and renunciation of the dogmas of Rome. They used to meet in little companies of a dozen or so at night. This was principally in Granada. Forty of these wrote a joint letter to thank English brethren for their generous gifts sent out to help the prisoners. All the letters breathe a most devoted and Christian spirit. Although the names are signed, they dared not give addresses.

Matamoros and two others, named Alhama and Trigo, were sentenced to nine years in the convict galleys and nine more under police supervision. Nine other Spanish brethren received seven years at the galleys. In all, twenty-one brethren were involved. Matamoros, in the indictment, was declared responsible for "the *crime* of joining the churches in Malaga and Barcelona, and guilty also of evangelising in these and other parts of Spain." Even the Romish newspapers of Spain published articles disapproving of the savage harshness of the sentence, and English brethren and sisters, notably Mr. Greene and Mrs. Tregelles, sent money to aid the poorer prisoners. Happily, the urgent representations of English Christians led the Government to instruct the British Ambassador at Madrid to intervene; the condemnation to the galleys was not carried out, and in 1863 Matamoros, his health sadly broken, was banished the country. He died in Switzerland three years later. Not much, it is feared, was left of the promising work he so nobly commenced.

Meanwhile, Mr. Chapman paid another visit to Spain with two brethren named Gould and Lawrence, who itinerated the country for about two years. Then they fell under the notice of the all-powerful Romish authorities, and only succeeded just in time in escaping over the border into France. A court was held to try them *in absentia*, and they were sentenced to nine years at the galleys.

In 1868 the difficulties of her Government increased to such an extent that Queen Isabella abdicated, and her young son Alphonso being considered not old enough to reign, another period of anarchy and bloodshed followed. The power of Rome was largely broken by the Queen's removal, and a decree guaranteeing

religious liberty was passed. The new opportunity was eagerly taken up by English brethren waiting and ready to go in with the gospel. Messrs. C. E. Faithfull, Gould and Lawrence went in at once; next year they were followed by Messrs. Henry Payne and A. R. Fenn. In 1873, Messrs. Wigstone, Blamire and Sennington also began their labours in Spain. Mr. Gould died in 1870, but to the other brethren a long period of fruitful service was granted, and Mr. H. Payne, Mr. Faithfull, and Mr. Wigstone are still alive, the first-named being still at work in Barcelona, and the last contemplating another tour in Spain at the very time when this is being written.

In the work of several of these brethren, as in Italy, a principal place was given to forming and teaching in day schools. Mr. George Muller, of the Bristol Orphan Homes, contributed largely to their support. It was felt that if a strong and permanent work was to be built up, the principal hope was to capture the children; also, that in the midst of an illiterate population they must at least be able to read the Bible. There is no doubt that the slow but considerable success of the Gospel in a particularly hard field, in the teeth of bitter hostility, has been due largely to this wise policy, and it is a cause for deep thankfulness that not only numbers of the scholars are converted, but that several of these are to-day engaged in gospel work on behalf of their countrymen, whilst several have gone to Cuba and South America.

Mr. Gould and the Fenns (who had four children under seven years of age—no wonder their friends thought it madness to take such a family to a country as unsettled as Spain) began work in Madrid, and so did Mr. Payne for a time. The last-named had an early taste of the trials of missionary life, nearly dying of smallpox within a few months of his arrival. When he moved to Barcelona shortly afterwards with the Fenns, the place was seething with revolution, and his house had been penetrated by cannon balls when he took it. In 1871 there was a severe visitation of yellow fever, which caused all schools and places of assembly to be closed, but the missionaries turned the schools into soup-kitchens in the morning and workrooms in the afternoon, and thus secured a hearing for their message. Although theoretically there was religious liberty, this was gradually contracted year after year, and the workers were always exposed to the hostility of lawless persecutors. Mr. Fenn was shot at by a man hidden in a cornfield, and on another occasion the father of a schoolboy, annoyed because his son had not got a present, came and knocked down the teacher and threatened Mr. Fenn with his big knife.

In spite of great difficulties in travelling owing to another Carlist war, the insurgents holding parts of the main railways, Mr. and Mrs. Fenn were able to get a change to England in 1873, and to return to Madrid, where they and Mr. Faithfull spent the

greater part of their time. Mr. Payne remained at Barcelona, where he still labours. Messrs. Wigstone and Blamire went to the fishing villages of the north-west coast, and God greatly owned their testimony, especially at Marin, where Mr. Blamire laboured so faithfully until his death.

The work in Madrid suffered from many difficulties ,but there were those counterbalancing signs of God working with and for His servants that encourage them to go on with Him. It was not easy to get premises either for schools or for meetings. On one occasion it was necessary to get a larger room for the girls' school, and a hall was found and a verbal agreement come to with the owner as to terms, and he had the necessary structural alterations made. The Spanish Christians doubted his sincerity, and sure enough, at the last moment he told Mr. Fenn that he would not let him have it. He had been "got at" by the priests and sisters. Mr. Fenn told him that he could cite him before a judge legally for the premises, but he need not be afraid; instead of that he would pray to God about it. He did so, asking that not only might the place be kept for them, but that the proprietor might even come and ask them to take it. A "To Let" placard appeared on the premises and stayed there some weeks. Prayer continued, then the man's son came to offer it; it was taken, and there was no further trouble. The friars opened a school close by, and so did a theatre manager anxious to catch girls to train for the stage, but from this also God delivered them.

Some time afterwards a larger place became necessary, and a hall was found, though very dilapidated. The owner had vowed he would do nothing for it, nor abate the rent. In answer to prayer, he consented to let the building for the school, to spend £80 on repairs, and to reduce the rent £3 a year. The inevitable opposition school run by the priests had a brief but inglorious career, and soon closed down.

There were still personal dangers. Once a man ran upon Mr. Blamire and Mr. Fenn with knife uplifted, whilst they were giving away gospels. Mr. Blamire escaped; Mr. Fenn being chased, turned round, opened his coat, and with open breast said, "Here I am, what do you want?" The man was abashed, and slunk back into a wineshop.

There were also trials of faith in regard to financial supplies —trials that turned to triumphs. There was no organization behind to guarantee support, yet only on one occasion in twenty-six years did the teachers employed in the schools at Madrid have to wait for their salary, and on that occasion it was only due to the local post office delaying to deliver a letter containing money. "Again and again," Mrs. Fenn writes, "we were brought to the last shilling, and never incurred debt, and we were not allowed to be tried above measure." Even when Mr. Muller in 1892 had to notify them that funds could no longer be sent to support the

schools, which involved a sum of over £400 annually, God continued to provide. The schools in Madrid are still carried on, though not quite so large as formerly, and are sustained by the freewill offerings of the Lord's people.

There have been peculiar difficulties in gospel work in Spain. It has been found next to impossible to obtain conversions amongst the wealthier and more educated classes, although even in Spain there are a few. It may be remembered some years ago how Colonel Labrador suffered for his faithful testimony in the army. Amongst the people who are more accessible there are two great hindrances, poverty and persecution. It has been said that the poor of Spain live on air and onions. Large numbers of the converts have emigrated to South America, and though in many cases they have taken the gospel with them, no doubt with others spiritual life has languished on account of isolation, and in either case assemblies in Spain have been the losers.

Then, except in a few small places where the Word has made great conquests, persecution always has been and still is severe. The believer is likely to be neglected and reproached in his home, cursed or stoned in the streets, turned out of his employment, and endless difficulties put in the way of his burial in the event of his death. These trials are, however, not so frequent as they used to be, and are becoming restricted to small localities where the authorities are generally hostile.

CHAPTER VII.

The Beloved Strip of Central Africa.

THE negro slaves of British Guiana, amongst whom the work of God described in a former chapter had taken such deep root, were for the most part born in the colony, but quite a number of them had survived the terrible passage in the slavers from Africa to America, and their thoughts turned oftentimes to their old home. Ever since the days of Leonard Strong, in their prayer meetings, the heartfelt petition had constantly ascended that God would send the gospel to their native villages. These, for the most part, were situated in the interior of southern Equatorial Africa, east of the Benguella coast. The zone of the Arab slave traders from Zanzibar and that of the Europeans from Angola met and overlapped in the middle of the continent, though perhaps more frequently it was the African himself who enslaved and sold his brother African to the white man. Let us see how these prayers were answered.

Even when the iniquitous trans-Atlantic trade came to an end, slavery continued in Africa itself. Tribes defeated in war were carried away wholesale to serve their conquerors. Poverty-stricken natives sold themselves or their relatives for food. Great numbers were brought down to the coast to work in the cocoa plantations of St. Thomé and Principe, and in the dominion of King Leopold of Belgium the most horrible atrocities were permitted for the collection of rubber. It is only within the last ten years that these iniquities have come to an end.

Central Africa at the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century was very little known, in spite of the journeys of Dr. Livingstone and others. It was divided up into areas varying in size from a mere village with its fields to a great Empire as large as Ireland, under the absolute rule of a chief, small or large. The people would be partly free, partly slaves. The men fought and hunted; the women did the hard work in the village and in the fields. It is a curious thing that nearly all the cultivated foodstuffs had been introduced by Europeans, such as maize, sweet potatoes, pineapples, tomatoes, oranges and lemons, chilli pepper, etc. There, was a considerable trade to and from the coast in guns, rum, powder, ivory, slaves and cloth. There was no money; cloth, salt, and the above-mentioned articles fulfilled the purpose. The languages were not reduced to writing.

War was the normal state of the country. One savage tribe after another had risen against its neighbours and all but exterminated them. The villages were hung round with human skulls on poles. A man's reputation in his country depended on the number of persons he had put to death. Another custom that took a frightful toll of human life depended on the belief that there is no such thing as natural sickness, and that illness and death are always somebody's fault, brought about deliberately by witchcraft. When anyone became ill or died, the fetish doctor would be called in, and he would indicate by divining the guilty party. The accused would then be compelled to thrust his hands into a pot of boiling water; if the skin came off he was condemned to a cruel death; if it did not, he was adjudged innocent.

Polygamy, immorality and drunkenness were rife. Though there was a dim belief in a far-away God—the native who had barely escaped from the jaws of a crocodile would utter the time-honoured prayer, "O Lord God, the crocodiles nearly made a meal of me, but Thou, O Lord, didst deliver me"—in practice, the religion was a worship of spirits and demons inhabiting every conspicuous natural object.

Africa has changed greatly of late years. Divided up since 1885 in theory, and since 1890 to 1895 in effective practice, between the European Powers, many of the abuses have been swept away. Native wars are far less common, human life is protected, some sort of law and order is maintained, and Europeans, even ladies, can travel in safety everywhere.

The Pioneer.

Dr. Livingstone's travels excited immense interest in this dark, wild, romantic country, not only amongst the adults, but perhaps even more amongst the boys and girls of England. There was a little laddie, born in Glasgow, but at the time living close to Livingstone's home at Hamilton, who was great friends with the missionary traveller's children, and used to love to turn over his maps and curios, and hear his letters read. One day, as he buttoned up his little coat on leaving the house, he said, "When I am a man I will go to help that good man in his work." From the day of his conversion, when quite a child, his heart was turned to go to Africa. If no one gave him the money he said he would swim. So, in 1881, aged twenty-two, with one companion, Fred Stanley Arnot commenced his extraordinary missionary career. He was well commended by Christians in Glasgow, but he did not look to them either for his mandate to go, or for his support in the field. His was an intense concentration of deep humility, patient dependence on God for guidance, and a fixed *determination*, come life, come death, to devote himself to the cause of the gospel in Africa. Driven out again and again by ill-health and doctor's

orders, he ever kept returning—I remember his delight, the last time I met him, that a doctor who had recently examined him had permitted him to go back!—and it was the fitting climax to his life that he should die in Africa of an African disease.

His trials began early. Arrived in Natal, his companion fell sick, and remained in that country, so that Mr. Arnot had to travel alone. He was delayed for months by the war between Great Britain and the Transvaal. The first sermon he heard in South Africa was from the words, "There is no man that hath left home, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for My sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life." How wonderfully true it became!

He started out at last, crossing the Transvaal in the company of a train of waggons, each drawn by sixteen oxen with Kaffir drivers, doing about ten miles a day. We cannot attempt here to narrate the fascinating story; how he met Generals Joubert and Cronje, and travelled with F. C. Selous, the most famous of lion hunters (killed in the Great War in German East Africa in 1917), and all about his stay with the Christian king Kama in Shoshong. There he left civilization behind, and plunged into the darkness of the interior by crossing the great Kalahari desert in the company of one of Kama's hunting expeditions.

The first great trial was lack of water. Again and again they were on the brink of disaster, when they found after a long march to reach a waterhole that it was dry and empty. "We have just got to another well, which is, however, almost dry, and have travelled forty hours from the last water; the oxen have been without water three days. As there is not enough for the oxen and donkeys they have to go half a day further on . . . I am busy at making boots, and have successfully finished one, which fits admirably (not to speak of appearance); the soles are giraffe hide, the uppers, I think, are buffalo, and are stitched with narrow strips of zebra skin." A few days later he reports a camp meeting round the fire. "I got on pretty well, and most seemed to understand me. . . . I can scarcely describe the sense of relief felt, after straining to understand the language for four months, to find that I am able in a measure to tell the story I had come to make known." On the Botletle river they had a time of refreshment, but there was another desert patch north of this, and here the trials were greater still. The oxen went six days without water, which is the longest period they can survive, and the missionary and his companions were only saved by meeting a party of bushmen, who sucked up a little by sinking a reed at the bottom of a hole in the sand where a certain root grew. "It was frothy stuff, as you may imagine, but I enjoyed it more than any

draught I ever took of Loch Katrine water." On another occasion, when again the men and animals were at the last gasp, another party of bushmen saved the situation by taking them to one of their secret water stores. Then there was a strike amongst the carriers, the first of many, but happily it passed off pleasantly. Their water troubles ended on the Chobe river—"what a feeling of disappointment came over me when I found that I was satisfied with only a few cups full, whereas I felt I could have drunk buckets full!"

After reaching the Zambesi river, Mr. Arnot decided to go on to the capital of Liwanika, paramount chief of the Barotse. It was only after much trouble with the lesser chiefs that he was allowed to proceed; the Barotse did not want missionaries. Some Jesuits had been there and had annoyed them. In his journeyings to and fro at this stage of his travels, Mr. Arnot was once left alone in the desert almost unconscious with fever, and would have died if a little native boy had not gone off thirty miles to fetch some help. Three days he lay out in a broiling sun, watched by the vultures and the hyenas awaiting the end. However, it is not possible here to narrate one tithe of the incidents of those wonderful years.

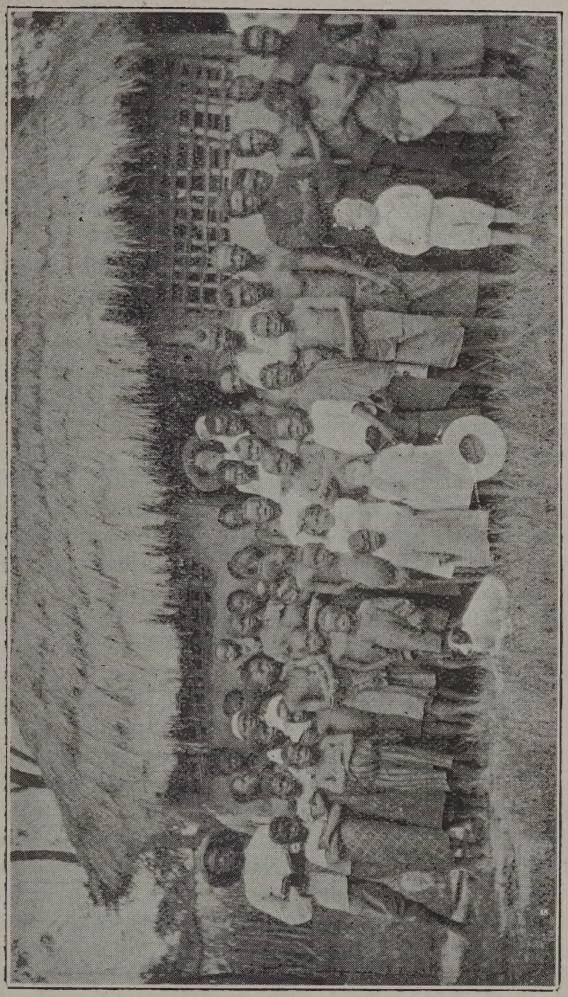
He stayed at Liwanika's from December, 1882, to May, 1884, and a very trying time it was. The Barotse valley was thoroughly unhealthy, and much of the time he was prostrated with fevers or blinded by eye troubles. Supplies were very short—indeed, it is difficult to understand what he *did* live on. The people were horribly cruel; just opposite his hut the boiling pot used to be set up almost daily for trials of witchcraft. Every now and then he was flooded out. The people were not at all anxious to hear the gospel, and Liwanika was changeable, now friendly, now hostile. The diary, nevertheless, is full of hope and confidence in God. "Though the instrument and means be the feeblest, blessing will come." It was at this period that Sir Ralph Williams met him first at Victoria Falls, and wrote the following tribute:—"Mr. Arnot, the missionary, was a remarkable man. I met him some weeks later, and had many talks with him. He was the simplest and most earnest of men. He lived a life of great hardship under the care of the King of the Barotse and taught his children. I remember his telling me with some pride that his pupils had mastered the alphabet. I have seen many missionaries under varied circumstances, but such an absolutely forlorn man, existing on from day to day, almost homeless, without any of the appliances which make life bearable, I have never seen. He was imbued with one desire, and that was to do God service. . . and I have honoured the recollections of him ever since as being as near his Master as anyone I ever saw."

Mr. Arnot was not allowed to see any fruit to his labours. Liwanika was scornful or offended by his preaching and conver-

sation—delighted at first with the story of Nebuchadnezzar and saying, "I am the Nebuchadnezzar of Africa"—then sadly crestfallen when the monarch's pride was humbled. But it was not in vain. Mr. Arnot's stay with the Barotse opened the way for M. Coillard, the French Protestant missionary, to do a great and successful work there, and many years after, when Liwanika came to visit Europe it was Mr. Arnot who was his best and most trusted friend. The old chief was sincerely attracted by the gospel, but it would have made great political complications for him openly to profess it.

In 1884, his health failing again, his goods gone, and revolution threatening, Mr. Arnot was persuaded by an old Portuguese trader named Senhor Porto to go down with him to the Benguella coast, where he sought guidance whether to return to England or to pioneer in another direction. "May the Lord be pleased to look upon my work for His Name's sake, and may I be in His hands like soft clay, *impressible*. . . . So let us hang and wait upon God, that we may go forth as men driven of the Spirit." Later, "If friends at home could just get one glimpse of the burning need here, the open sore, and the willingness withal to hear, they would sympathize with me a little in my desire to remain as long as possible and at all cost, providing at the same time all things honestly, and 'receiving nothing from the Gentiles.'" Fifty years of prayers in British Guiana, unknown to him, breathed about his path. His health was restored, and supplies came from England, but alas, no fellow workers. Then a letter came down from Msidi, chief of the Garenganze, far away in the middle of Africa, "written in a wretched sort of Portuguese, possibly by some half-taught black," containing an urgent appeal that white men might come to Garenganze. It was said to be densely populated and healthy. Here, then, was the guidance. So he turned inland. "I feel as if I were leaving you all again. But with God's help I can say these things do not move me. . . . Until the last Liverpool steamer came in, two weeks ago, I had a silent hope that someone might yet come to join me." Thus began that great journey through country then completely unevangelized, now happily dotted here and there with mission stations as a direct result of Mr. Arnot's pioneering.

The first stay was at Bailundu, where there was and still is a station of the American Board of Missions, where the workers were very kind and helpful. Then Bié was reached, and there was a most wearisome struggle to collect carriers. First, the local chief had to be paid a hundred yards of cloth, which was much less than the Portuguese traders gave, to grant "the road." For weeks no carriers could be got, except two men, and a Barotse lad named Dick, who was now permanently attached to the missionary. The diary at this point contains a study of what the New Testament teaches about patience! It was only possible



SUNDAY MORNING, KASAI.

to get porters for a day at a time. There were further arguments with greedy chiefs on the route who felt hurt at the small presents the missionary was able to send them. It looked as though it would be impossible ever to get on; the fact was that the Bié traders had been secretly hostile, and were telling everyone that if they went to the Garenganze they would never return. At last God intervened, and sent along a man who wanted to go to that country to get cured of some malady, and he soon found carriers enough. All the missionary's goods were as follows—six panes of window glass, with frames, six 60-lb. bales of cloth, 80-lbs. of biscuits, three tin boxes with clothes, books and medicines, ammunition, four bags of salt, and two boxes of provisions.

He now came into the Chokwe country, halting at a place called Mboma, where there is now a mission station. The chief here was a reasonable man, and gave a large pig in return for eight yards of cloth, but the villagers insisted on coming to play in the camp all night, a truly terrifying prospect. "I sent a present of meat to the village, beseeching them not to come to my camp. Eventually they were content to drum and dance all night on the other side of the river." The Chokwe are a wandering people seeking for beeswax and game; they work cleverly in iron, and have the reputation of being quarrelsome.

After some trouble with the carriers, who went on strike periodically, Mr. Arnot reached Nana Kandundu's. She was the queen of the Lovale people. There is now a mission station at the village, called Kavungu. The old lady was quite friendly.

The road next led just to the north of Border Craig, now called Kalene Hill, close to the source of the Zambesi, where Dr. Fisher is working, and so at last, after eight months on the journey, they reached the capital of the Garenganze, the station at present known as Bunkeya, in the midst of a vast, well-populated,fertile plain.

The chief, Msidi, was one of the most powerful in Africa, with five hundred wives and a great number of subsidiary chieftains, who paid him tribute in ivory. He had absolute power of life and death over everybody in his country, which was about the size of Ireland. He seemed very pleased to have Mr. Arnot there, and gave him a hut and showed him much favour.

The two years spent in Garenganze had their sunshine and their shadows. It was next to impossible to get the people to come to the preaching, but Dick and another lad seemed to be truly converted, and were baptized. Both Mr. Arnot and his native household suffered much from sickness. There were numerous adventures with wild animals. Supplies often ran very low, but God provided.

In 1888, rumours began to filter through that another white man was coming. This was Mr. Charles A. Swan, from Sunderland, who had stayed a short while on the way out to learn Portuguese in

Lisbon. He was joined at Benguella by Mr. Faulknor, of Canada. They had a trying journey up from Bié, with the usual difficulties of refractory carriers and extortionate chiefs, but got through in less than four months. One would like a picture of the greeting when they arrived. Mr. Arnot was trying to run up a tattered Union Jack on a bamboo pole fastened to the pigeon house, but the line was thick and twisted with the rains, and the flag stuck halfway up! Hand in hand, there in the middle of Africa, they sang together, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

Msidi took kindly to the new arrivals, and Mr. Arnot soon started for home, arriving at the end of 1888, but he had to pass through two little wars on the way to the coast, one at Kavungu and another in the Chokwe country.

Reinforcements.

During his brief stay in Great Britain his story aroused immense interest. I well remember how thrilling it was to me, one Monday night at Bethesda, Bristol. No less than twelve fellow workers were found willing to return with him; and he was united in marriage to Miss Fisher, of Greenwich, whose brother, Dr. Walter Fisher, was also of the party. The others were Mr. R. J. Johnston, an experienced evangelist from North Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Morris of Walthamstow, Messrs. George Fisher, F. T. Lane, D. Crawford, A. Munnoch, H. B. Thompson, R. Gall, and Misses Gilchrist and Davies. Needless to say, the going forth of so large a party deepened the interest, and there were many enthusiastic farewell meetings. At one of these there was a remarkable incident. At Leominster a greatly esteemed brother, Wm. Nobbs, of Hereford, prayed in his deep sonorous voice, "Lord, if they are too many for Thee to work with, thin them." This he repeated three times. At the close of the meeting he was asked if he knew what he had said. He replied "No," and when told he was much distressed. It was almost prophetic.

In 1889 the missionaries set out in two parties. Just as the second of these entered the port of Benguella, R. J. Johnston fell asleep. This was only the first of very great difficulties. Mr. Arnot and his wife pushed on quickly to Bié to obtain permission from the chief Ekwikwi to travel through his country, and to collect carriers. The chief was at first obdurate, but the gift of a Demerara hammock softened his heart, and about 150 men were collected after much labour, and taken down to the coast to bring up the party from Benguella to Bié. The way was long, rough and steep; shelter was scanty, and thieves plentiful, but the letters are full of hope and confidence. On October 8th they were at a camp called Utalama. Here is Mr. Arnot's account of what followed.

Oct. 22. "How shall I write you of these last two weeks? Is it that there was none to deliver us? Shall I relate what

God hath done? After three weeks waiting at Utalama Camp we got all our loads transferred, and the men were waiting daily for a start. The two sick ones, Miss Davies and Miss Gilchrist, were better again. On Tuesday, the 8th of October, however, Mr. Morris felt unwell. It seemed only a little headache, and we thought it would soon pass off. . . . Mr. Gall was feeling somewhat out of sorts. . . . He received the ordinary medical treatment from Dr. W. Fisher, who, by the way, was also on his back with fever and diarrhoea. . . . My mind fails in thinking of the days that followed, when all our time and thought were absorbed between Mr. Morris and Mr. Gall, with the continual interruption of the clamour of over 100 men, coming in bands from different directions—I anxious to hold on to them, so that a move might be made at the first favourable opportunity; they impatiently returning their loads and making demands upon us. . . . As the sun went down (Friday, the 18th) words cannot describe that Utalama camp. With a bitter, chilling blast the dark night set in, and the shadow of death came on our very souls. Mr. Morris was passing rapidly away. . . . Tears had no place; we closed the tent, and turned our steps to those who were waiting dear Gall's departure. In four short hours it was all over."

Mrs. Morris decided to return home to her children, and Miss Davies (now Mrs. Swan) and Mr. George Fisher accompanied her.

As the two brethren in Garenganze were short of supplies, and Mr. Faulknor practically an invalid the whole time with distressing ulcers called "munono," it was a matter of urgency to send help, and Messrs. Thompson, Lane and Crawford pushed on as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile, there were further troubles in Bié. War broke out between Ekwikwi and the Portuguese authorities, and the missionaries were threatened and suspected by both sides. It was six months before the struggle came to an end, but finally terms of peace were arrived at in Mr. Arnot's camp, he acting as go-between on behalf of the Portuguese and the native chiefs, who, of course, had to submit to the conditions imposed

Messrs. Swan and Faulknor had been making quiet progress in Msidi's capital, amidst great difficulties. They cared for a few children, who were often naughty, sometimes sick, and sometimes ran away; they spoke to the natives in ones and twos, and slowly learned enough of the language to translate into it a little statement of their message. The chief was, on the whole, friendly, though cruel and tyrannous to everybody else. Soon after the three new workers arrived, Mr. Faulknor was sent home invalided. Mr. Swan stayed awhile, and then paid a visit to England. It is very tempting to quote largely from his diary, which is nowadays rather inaccessible, though full of interest, but space forbids.

Msidi was very indignant that Mr. Swan should go away, and things became rather difficult in Garenganze. British and

Belgian expeditions were coming in to administer the country, and the old chief was venomous and suspicious. Some of those whom he had oppressed were ready to turn against him, and he knew it. His ivory tribute was dwindling. When Mr. Thompson returned after a journey, his present of 150 yards of cloth was disdainfully refused, and it really looked as if Msidi might one day order the missionaries to be murdered. In November, 1892, Capt. Stairs, a British officer, arrived with a strong party representing the Congo Free State, and informed Msidi that in future he was under that State, and that there must be no more skulls seen hanging round the village. Capt. Bodson, another officer, went to see the chief, but he would not receive him. Bodson thereupon entered uninvited. Msidi struck at him with a sword; the officer fired and killed him, but was himself shot by some of the old chief's attendants. So passed one of the most remarkable of the African potentates. His village folk scattered in all directions, and his own head was elevated on a pole by the Zanzibaris following the expedition. Bunkeya became a wilderness, and the missionaries had to follow the people elsewhere. Mr. Crawford eventually settled at Luanza, on Lake Mweru.

We must hurry on. The brethren in British Guiana, who had prayed so long for the work, now decided to send out some Christian workers of African descent to preach in the country of their fathers,and in some cases this interesting experiment was remarkably successful. Mr. and Mrs. Murrain and Mr. and Mrs. Higgins have now been long in the field, and Mr. O'Jon died there in 1897.

From the time when European control became effective in Africa, about 1892, the old difficulties largely disappeared. Travelling became safe, even for ladies; chiefs no longer had autocratic powers, and it was easier to obtain and deal with carriers. God overruled all this to prepare the way for a more efficient missionary occupation. Mr. and Mrs. Swan, Mr. Lane, and the Murrains pioneered the work, now so richly blessed, in the Bié district. Dr. and Mrs. Walter Fisher went to Nana Kandundu's (Kavungu) to work with Mr. Schindler and Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Bird amongst the Lovale people; the Fishers eventually moved on to a healthy hill station in British territory called Kalene Hill.

Now there are 19 stations, 80 workers, and hundreds if not thousands of converts in this "beloved strip of Central Africa."

Mr. Arnot's health broke down in 1892, and he had to return to England, but his eyes were ever turned to the country he had opened up, and in 1894 he was out again, this time to explore an entry from the East Coast, up the Zambesi. At one of his meetings in the Garenganze district, one of Msidi's executioners, whom Mr. Arnot remembered carrying out his ghastly work in the

old days, rose and publicly confessed that after months of wrestling with the devil his sins were washed away. The tour was brought to a premature close by a return of the old ailment, and it was not till 1904 that the devoted pioneer could visit Africa again, paying a visit to all the stations. In 1909 he took up his residence in Johannesburg so as to make short trips into the interior. He visited the Barotse valley, and reminded King Liwanika how twenty-four years before he had expressed a desire to visit the Kabompo valley, and Liwanika had retorted that only his "dogs" lived there, and he would not be allowed to go. Now the King promised every possible assistance. So, in 1911, he and his wife made the long deferred joureny. A serious illness drove him home again. At the end of 1913 he tried again, this time in the company of Messrs. Rogers and Suckling. On January 25th, on the Kabompo river, he was stricken down as by a sword thrust. His spleen was enlarged by old malaria, and it suddenly burst. That he survived, and was safely brought down the enormous journey to his family in Johannesburg, is as wonderful a miracle as many recorded in the gospels. It was six weeks before he got there. An operation was performed, and he seemed to be recovering well, but several months later, on May 12th, he had a terrible heart attack and died three days afterwards. He finished his narrative with the words, "The missionary, conscious of his call, can only 'go forward,' irrespective of men and means, come life—come death."

CHAPTER VIII.

Echoes of Service in Many Lands.

IN each of the previous chapters we have been considering the beginnings of a work of God, so remarkable in its origin and so fruitful in its sequel that even a whole chapter does less than justice to the subject. Here we must glance more briefly at some labours which were more individualistic; and, having done so, we may mention some other service which began very quietly, but has now grown to considerable importance.

In the year 1850, S. F. Kendall went to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. His home was in Guernsey. Cape Breton is an island about 120 miles in length, at that time full of deserts, forests, and broken mountains, giving shelter to many bears and other beasts of prey. The population, about 100,000 in number, lived principally near the coast, and were engaged in fishery and agriculture. They were a rude, hardy race, nominally Roman Catholic, but as the "Missionary Reporter" wrote in 1858, "sin, and every concomitant of low degeneracy, prevail; the flood gates of every evil passion are thrown wide open, and precious souls are passing onward in rapid succession to destruction—and few, very few, lay it to heart." The interior of the island was peopled by Indians. The winters were bitterly cold. For thirty-five years Mr. and Mrs. Kendall wrestled bravely with these difficulties. How he was supported his God alone knew. To some extent he worked with his hands; a little was sent out by the readers of the "Missionary Reporter" until that periodical came to an end; Mr. George Muller also forwarded gifts. He was a great traveller by horse and sleigh, covering 500 miles in a summer, and evidently a considerable number of people were converted, mostly won by personal conversations. In 1864 a fellow worker named George Whitley joined him. Kendall died in 1885, and Whitley in 1906. To-day, there is but little to show for it on earth, but there must be many souls in Heaven who would not otherwise have been there.

Dr. Baedeker.

Another solitary worker, but with a very different field, was Dr. F. W. Baedeker. He was a cousin of the famous Continental guide-book writer Baedeker, and shared to some extent his instinct for travelling. He was born in 1823 in Germany, his father being a world's authority on birds and birds' eggs. He visited Australia

as a young man, and then opened a school at Weston-super-Mare. At this time he was a sceptic. He was persuaded to go to some meetings in the town conducted by Lord Radstock. On one occasion he did not succeed in escaping from the hall before the great evangelist reached him, put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "God has a message through me for you to-night." Soon he was a saved soul. "I went in a proud German infidel, and came out a humble, believing disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Praise God!" This was in 1866.

Lord Radstock introduced him to service in Germany and St. Petersburg, and he was much blessed in the gospel. He was a man of the most lovable disposition, kindly, fatherly and Christ-like. He was able to get favours that would have been refused to almost anyone else. For instance, when he paid his first visit to Russia, in the town of Mitau, and found that public meetings were forbidden, he went straight to the Governor, and asked permission to have a gathering like that in Cornelius' house in the Acts, in his drawing-room! "With the greatest of pleasure," said the Governor; "my drawing-room is at your service, and my friends will be *at your service* also!"

In consequence of the visits of Lord Radstock and others, there was at that time quite an evangelical revival amongst the nobility and high officers of state and their families in St. Petersburgh. Colonel Paschkoff, Princess Nathalie Lieven, Baroness von Wrede of Finland, and many others were devoted and earnest servants of Christ, and willing to suffer much for His sake. Amongst them the doctor found a warm welcome and an open door. But it was not the St. Petersburg drawing-rooms that called him so insistently. It was the convict prisons of Siberia.

The Siberia of that day, before the opening of the great railway, was probably the most frightful place on earth. The distances between one village and the next were prodigious. For the most part it was covered with interminable forest. In the northern parts the whole country was icebound for half the year. The scanty population was mostly of convict origin, except for the officials and their families. It was principally used by the corrupt, tyrannical Russian Government, run by a little clique of officials who surrounded the Czar, as a place of exile for convicts, political prisoners, and simple, godly folk who would not conform to the orthodox Greek Church. How that Church has suffered in Russia to-day for its treatment of the Stundists and Molokans and other evangelical bodies in the past!

It became laid more and more on Dr. Baedeker's heart to visit all these folk in their welter of misery, and to give them the Word of God. "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." But how was permission to be obtained? Everyone in Russia must have a passport, to travel without it would soon lead to arrest as a political undesirable.

One day he mentioned his desire to a Countess in St. Petersburg, the wife of an Ambassador. Some time afterwards she and her husband were shopping, when the latter saw the Director of Prisons across the street, ran after him, and brought him to the lady. She asked him for a permit for her friend, an Englishman, to visit prisons and give away Bibles. In this strange way the right of entry was given, and to his great joy and surprise the doctor received the permit by post in his home at Weston-super-Mare. On one occasion it was stolen, but the Countess got it renewed, with wider powers. After a while he was even allowed to take an interpreter. He spoke German, French, and some Russian, but the prisons contained a dozen other nationalities—Letts, Esthonians, Finns, Caucasians, Georgians, Armenians, etc. One of his favourite translators was Mr. Tarajanz, an Armenian of Baku.

The convicts were usually sent to Siberia in large parties, often accompanied by free but poor emigrants, who really suffered worse than the prisoners. On the 1890 journey, which we may take as typical of the others, Dr. Baedeker started off in May, visiting prisons at Moscow and Perm on the way. At Perm, "I do not think I have seen a prison anywhere in which the men are crowded together as in this. . . . I hear that some thousands of free emigrants are already at Tjumen waiting for the steamers to take them forward. And now 500 more have gone! Oh, what misery! It is past all conception. They are huddled together anyhow, with no control as to sanitary or moral measures. And the people themselves are so utterly ignorant. A great many women have little children with them, even infants." When he got to Tjumen there was a densely packed crowd of convicts and emigrants, the latter with little shelter and no food, sleeping in tents, in bitter cold weather.

In the prisons the convicts were crowded together, with nothing to do, often chained, often doomed to stay there for life. To revolt and escape would merely be to perish of cold and starvation in the wilds. Naturally the poor creatures absolutely hungered for a kind word, a little money to buy tea, a pair of spectacles, and above all the Word of God to keep and read in their monotony and the Good News of forgiveness and everlasting life. The prison officials were almost invariably kind and helpful to the doctor in his good work, the steamers carried his Bibles free, and the Government found horses for him.

Many of the prisoners' stories were pitiful in the extreme. Often a wife and children would have followed a man into exile and misery; sometimes there had been obviously a miscarriage of justice. In some places, however, they appeared to be well cared for, and were allowed to work.

"*August* 21. We have been to Kara, and there reached the climax of the Siberian prisons. The worst criminals are kept there, men and women who even profess to have forgotten home

and name, and everything of the past. . . . We also saw the 'politicals.' In one prison were 33 men who were revolutionists; in another eight women. They are educated and clever people. One of the ladies has already been ten years here. . . . The work in the prisons is most cheering. The poor creatures are so grateful for the word spoken, and many of the officers equally so. They say, if our prisoners could hear such addresses two or three times a year it would make a great difference."

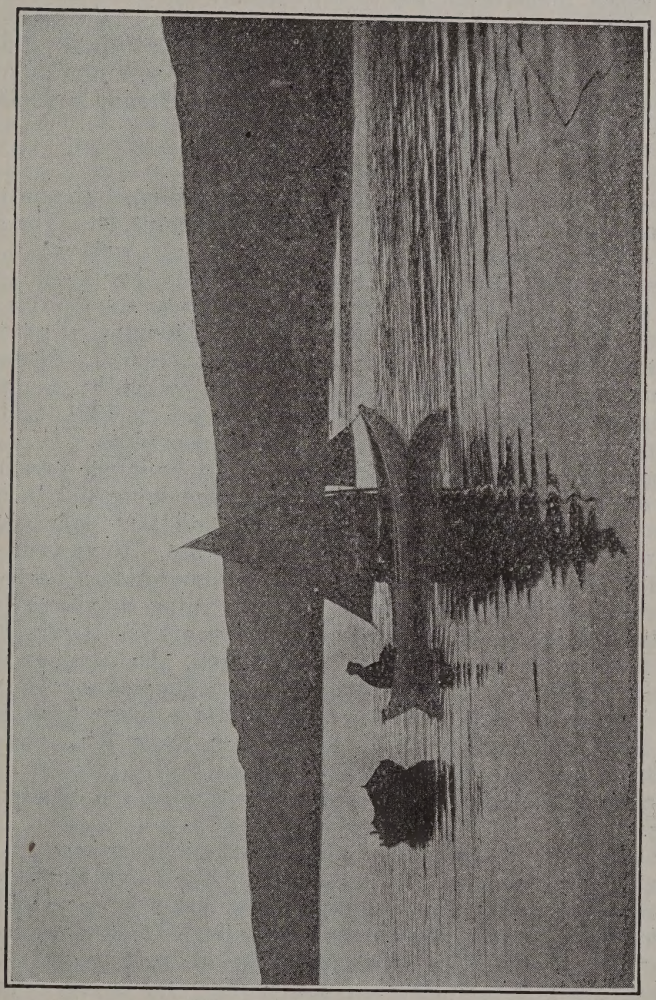
Finally, he went to the island of Saghalien, where again the worst and most refractory of the criminals were kept, to give the Word to them also. In this journey he distributed altogether 12,000 copies of the Bible, and preached the gospel to upwards of 40,000 prisoners.

Needless to say, such labours must have been extremely fatiguing, and he was often in great loneliness. It is very touching to read again and again in the journal, when he could find one or two like-minded, on a Lord's-day morning, "Sat down with the whole church of God to remember the Lord's death in the breaking of bread." Although so long in the midst of a criminal population, he was never attacked. It was often heartbreaking to look helplessly on in the midst of so much wretchedness, and again and again he gave away his own clothes to cover the shivering, or paid for hot soup to feed the hungry. No wonder they loved him!

Age did not daunt him. He was travelling and preaching in Finland, and Sweden, and Switzerland, and Caucasia, and Baku, and Rumania, long after most men have settled down by their own fireside. One of his great tours was undertaken when he was seventy-eight years old! He died in Weston in 1906. This is not half the story. Fortunately fuller details are readily accessible in the very interesting sketch of his work referred to in the Appendix.

Sloan of Faroe.

Another lonely worker in a desolate spot was Mr. Sloan, of the Faroe Islands, who went out in 1876 from Scotland. He was landed from a fishing-smack on the beach, with all his belongings in a gladstone bag. There are twenty-one of these islands, inhabited by poor fisherfolk, under Danish rule. The State Church is a very formal, lifeless Lutheranism. The winters are long, cold, and dark. I remember one day, years ago, a rough old Faroese sea-captain, smelling strongly of fish, came to a prayer meeting, and in stumbling English told how Mr. Sloan first came to the islands; how the islanders could not understand him, thought him a very poor preacher, would not go to hear him, but he kept patiently on, pushing tracts under their doors, and they *watched* him, and finally decided that he was a good man and a true, and so they began to believe his message. Eventually he was able to get a hall at Thorshavn, holding 140 persons. Much of the work had to be done by visiting



ITINERATING, FAROE ISLES.
Mr. and Mrs. DANIELSEN in the boat.

the scattered hamlets from island to island by boat, come storm, come shine. Mr. Sloan passed to his reward in 1914. All the island came to the funeral, including the Lutheran Dean and clergy. "The first years were especially full of hardships and trials, and Mr. Sloan often had to experience want and persecution. The church in Faroe has lost a father, a shepherd, and a most earnest gospel worker. . . . He was a man of peace, not afraid of anything so much as of strife or disunion. I never saw him angry." The work is still maintained by Mr. and Mrs. Brend, Mrs. Sloan and her son Andrew, and Mrs. Danielsen.

The Malay States.

A work with a quiet and unexciting beginning, but one that has borne much fruit, has been in the Malay Peninsula. The first worker seems to have been Mr. John Chapman, who went out with his wife from Bethesda, Bristol, in 1859, "having no connection with any society whatever, but simply as the Lord's servants, to labour in the Lord's work . . . believing that promise that if any man serve Me, him will My Father honour." He went to Penang, learned the Malay language, and evidently met with good success. There was a boys' school of 31 in 1861, and he speaks of baptizing ten Malay and Chinese converts. It is interesting to note that much of his work was done in the prisons—a form of service that is still one of the most successful in that country. He was joined in 1866 by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, who put in forty-four years of energetic service. Next year Mr. Alexander Grant, a missionary of the Presbyterian Church at Amoy in China, visited the Straits, and becoming convinced from the Scriptures that it is the duty of a believer to be baptized, he had to sever his connection with that church, and commenced a singularly gracious and fruitful ministry at Singapore. He was greatly helped by some Chinese converts of the finest type, such as See Boo, and another at Penang named Kang Kin, some of whose letters appear in the 1872 "Echoes." In 1878 Mr. and Mrs. Hocquard commenced their long service in the Straits, at Taipeng.

At the present time there are twenty-nine workers at five stations, with some valued Chinese helpers. The population is very mixed, mostly Chinese, speaking three dialects, Cantonese, Hokkien and Hakka, also Malays, who are Mohammedans, Tamils from India, and Europeans. It is necessary therefore to have workers in a number of different languages. Another difficulty is the climate; the unbroken moist heat is very exacting, and an unusual number of missionaries have had to leave this field in consequence. Probably more frequent furloughs would obviate this.

South America.

The great Republics of Latin America have been comparatively neglected by the missionary societies, and it is therefore

a cause for the more thankfulness and the deeper responsibility that our brethren and sisters have been enabled to carry a message to those parts. They are very needy. The principal towns, such as Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, have a huge population. The people of South America are of Spanish descent, except in Brazil, which used to belong to Portugal, but there is a continual influx of Spaniards, Italians, Syrians and others. Nominally Roman Catholic, there is as a matter of fact, amongst the men at least, but little sense of God or religion; they are for the most part atheists. In Bolivia and the interior there are a number of Indians in a very degraded condition. It is a trying country to live in; the plains are monotonous, and Bolivia is at a tremendous altitude. The cost of living is very high. Nevertheless there are over a hundred men and women whose names appear in the "Echoes" prayer list occupying sixteen stations in the Argentine, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil and Bolivia. About half of these are engaged in a civil occupation, and give their spare time to the Lord's work; the others give their whole time.

The first in the field was Mr. J. H. L. Ewen, who went out in 1882, and preached partly in Buenos Aires and partly in Cordoba. There was a sanguinary revolution in 1890, but he was happily out of the town. He used a Bible coach at that time, and the method is still found a useful one. In the same year he ventured to rent a hall in Cordoba for meetings, a very bold step, as that town was the principal home of Romanism in the country. His service was a good deal broken by ill-health. He was not quite alone; several brethren who were only giving part time to missionary work were able to strengthen his hands. One of these, named Wilkes, kept a chemist's shop at a town called Armstrong; another, Mr. Spooner, whose son and widow are still in the field, was employed on the railway. Mr. W. C. K. Torre went out in 1889 to Buenos Aires; at first he occupied an important position in a railway, but later he devoted his whole time to gospel work, and with a good deal of blessing. Mr. Will Payne, after a brief spell in Coruna (Spain) to learn the language, followed in 1892. Mr. Ewen's health failed, and he had to come home for a time, but in 1899 he was hard at work again pioneering in Uruguay. After a few more years of service, however, he was invalided to England, and his work has had to be carried on by others.

If it were intended to include in this book the history of missions carried on by men and women who are still in the field, we should be glad to tell the story of the origin and progress of work in China, where the Kinghams of Birmingham were martyred in a riot; of the testimony in Iceland, in Belgium, France, Greece, Roumania, the W. Indies, Turkestan, Algeria, and many other places.

That would however carry us too far from our present purpose, which is concerned rather with the labours of those who are gone to Heaven.

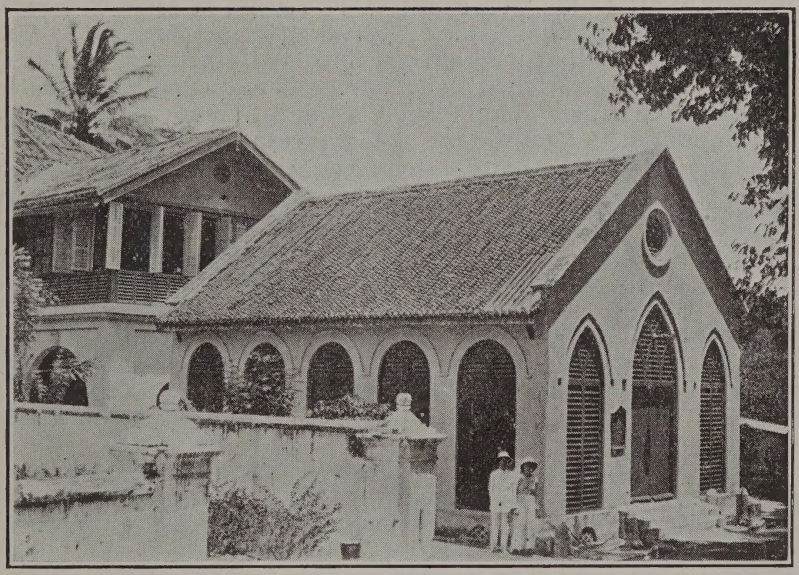
We have been considering, so far the signs of God's blessing in the foreign field. Let us conclude by looking at the home base.

Growth of the Home Base.

The nation has learned by costly lessons during the recent great war that it is useless to have a large striking force overseas unless they are properly backed at home. Food, munitions, money, transport, and sympathy must all be behind the army in the front line trenches. The same is equally true of a work of God overseas. It is one of the characteristics of His handiwork that everything is proportioned to the function for which He made it. The elephant's long heavy trunk demands a massive skull, a thick powerful neck, strong forelegs—and they are provided. The flexible fingers and thumb of a monkey's hand, almost human-like in its cunning and skill, would be useless without a highly developed brain and a wealth of nerve cells to control the delicate movements—and they are provided. It is a universal law in Nature. Therefore we may be sure that if a gospel testimony in other lands, remote from civilization, is a holy war of His organizing, spreading and extending according to His plan, He will also enlarge and develop the missionary spirit in the churches from which He designs to draw His labourers and their support.

This has been the case. There has been a steady growth in the British Isles, in America, and in Australasia, of missionary interest in the assemblies of God's children who have adopted the same principle of following the Apostolic pattern in work and worship that gave rise to the enterprise described in our previous chapters. The labourers have gone out looking not to men but to God to supply their temporal needs, but in His providence their financial support is furnished for the most part by the gifts, to Him, not to them, of His people at home. In the main these gifts have been forwarded direct from the giver to the missionary, and particulars will never be known on earth. Sometimes even the receiver did not know where the money came from. But it was manifestly impossible, as the number of missionaries increased, that those who realised their responsibility to support them should be conversant with all the labourers and all their varied needs. Also it was wasteful to forward small gifts from individual donors separately to remote parts. Hence the need for some means of collecting and publishing, with suitable editing, the missionaries' letters, and for some trustworthy agents for forwarding the donations and intelligently distributing the same when left to their discretion.

Does this savour of human organization and control—of that very system of committee government, sending forth, and guaranteed support which we failed to find a place for in the Apostolic pattern? Is there any New Testament precedent for it?



CHINESE MISSION HALL, MALAYA.

We venture to think that a few brethren may serve the church by forwarding gifts and advising as to their destination, and at the same time may carefully avoid either sending forth, or exercising control, or guaranteeing support. We think that only the uninstructed could confuse the two courses, and that there is New Testament precedent for the first, but not for the second. For instance, we find that the church at Philippi used Epaphroditus as a forwarding agency to send their gifts in a lump sum to Paul, and that Tychicus was willing to make known, on behalf of the apostle to the church at Ephesus, "my affairs, and how I do" (Phil. iv. 18; Eph. vi. 21). And, in more detail, when the church at Corinth, and perhaps other Christians in Achaia, were minded to send a gift to the poor saints at Jerusalem, of some of whom it had been said that "they went everywhere preaching the Word," we learn that Paul advised them as to the need, and sent Titus and another brother "whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches," and probably a third, to receive the money, and to bring it to Paul to take to Jerusalem. We find that it was to be regarded as a love-gift to God; neither Paul nor Titus making any harrowing appeals or telling tales of great privation, nor do they propose to trust to an enthusiastic meeting to get a big collection (I. Cor. xvi. 1, 2; II. Cor. viii., ix.).

For many years moneys were entrusted to Mr. George Muller, not only for the support of the Ashley Down Orphanage, but also for missionary work, and he and his successors have ever since distributed gifts to labourers who look to God alone for their support. By this means Leonard Strong and S. F. Kendall and the early workers in India, Spain and Italy were helped to some extent.

It was felt, however, that more was necessary—some means of making the missionaries' letters public, and someone ready to devote his whole time to studying their needs and forwarding any gifts. Both these were undertaken by Mr. James Van Sommer, of Reigate, who edited an occasional paper called the "Missionary Reporter," which ran from 1855 to 1862. The numbers from January 1st, 1858, to December 10th, 1861, are before me as I write. Most of them contain nothing but letters. The writers in the last number are R. Kingsland, T. Wiley, W. Bowden, E. Beer, John Chapman, A. Henderson (from Belize), and Col. Foquett of the Assam Mission. No account is given of the distribution of funds, but the editor offers to forward gifts. In the preface he says, "The object sought to be promoted by communicating such information is that churches and individual Christians may be aided in strengthening the hands of God's servants:—1st, by making definite prayer on their behalf; 2nd, by affording pecuniary assistance . . .; 3rd, by holding a direct correspondence with them, expressive of an affectionate sympathy and fellowship."

Then for ten years there was no missionary periodical. In 1872, Mr. Henry Groves, son of Anthony Norris Groves, converted and baptized in Bagdad, with Dr. Maclean, of Bath, published the first number of "The Missionary Echo," soon altered to "Echoes of Service in Many Lands." It was a small sheet of 16 pages, beginning with a word of ministry, and missionaries' letters following. The name "Echoes" is derived from I. Thess. i. 8. The first writers were Leonard Strong, Karl Andreas of Hamburg, T. P. Rossetti, R. C. Chapman and George Lawrence writing from Lisbon, John Beer, A. J. W., Konrad Schelling from Cuba, and Alfred Gardner. Of those mentioned in the Index, several are yet alive; Mr. Henry Payne is still at work in Barcelona; Mr. Faithfull, late of Madrid, is now living in Bournemouth; and Mrs. Fenn and Mrs. Blamire, also of Spain, are in this country. Mr. Beer was at work, though he did not write that year.

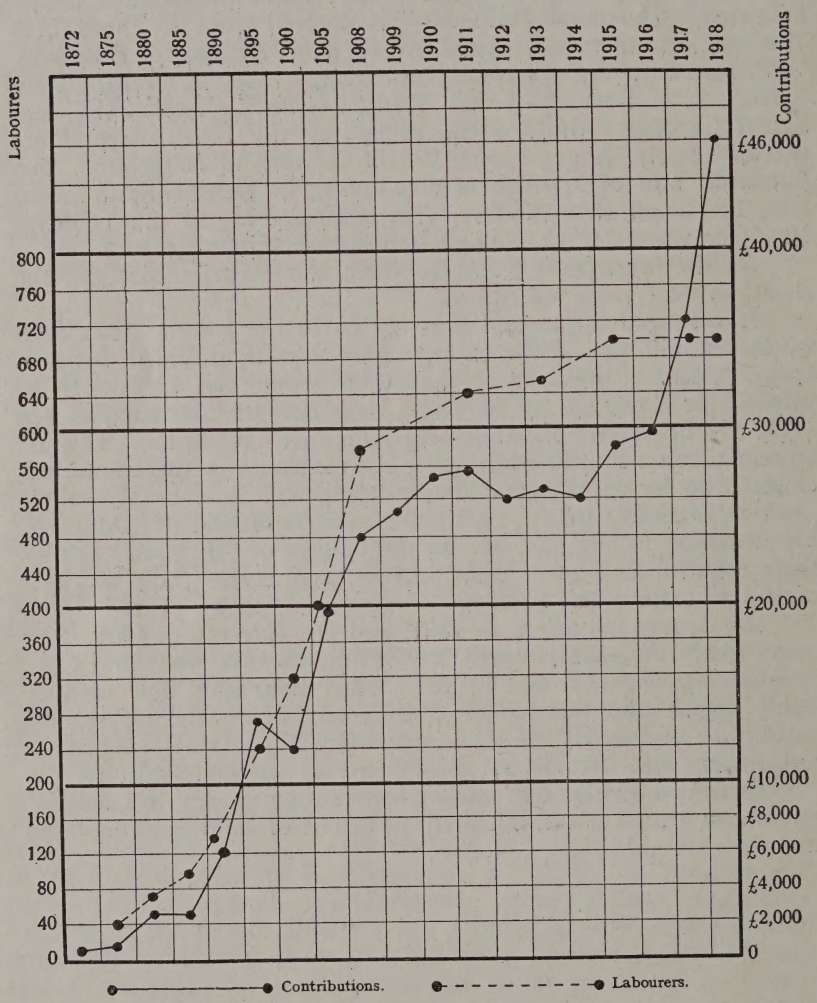
As the work has grown so have the contributions, as the chart on next page will show.

If a simple calculation is made as to the amount that each worker would get if the money were equally divided between them, it will be quite clear that there would not be enough to provide for his or her needs, and a large part of their supplies has evidently been sent privately and remained unrecorded. It must be remembered that in addition to the missionaries there are their children to be supported. One is compelled to view the whole work as little less than a continuing miracle of God's faithfulness. The workers do not beg, nor do the editors of "Echoes" beg on their behalf. God hears their prayers, and moves those servants of His who have the privilege of answering them.

Mr. Groves fell asleep in 1891, and Dr. Maclean in 1906. For many years the editors were Mr. W. H. Bennet and Mr. R. E. Sparks. Mr. Sparks died in 1918. Mr. Bennet is now in very feeble health and has had to relinquish largely the responsible part of the work to Mr. W. E. Vine and Mr. W. R. Lewis, his present co-Editors, with Mr. E. H. Broadbent as associate editor.

There is a similar but smaller distributing agency in Glasgow, where also a fund is administered on behalf of widows of deceased labourers abroad.

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER OF LABOURERS AND CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH "ECHOES OF SERVICE."



When broken line is *above* the straight line, each labourer's average share is less than £50; when straight line is above, the share is more than £50.

APPENDIX.

HINTS TO MISSIONARY STUDY CLASS LEADERS.

How to Use this Book.

Three methods are suggested which may be found useful in the Missionary Study Class. Leaders must choose which they consider most suitable for the particular type of Class they have to deal with. Each chapter is intended to occupy one meeting.

1. Essays Method. Eight members of the Class, or visitors, may be asked to give a paper on the subject-matter of the eight chapters. In this case, advise them to avoid a mere repetition of or direct reading from the book. Let them pick out what they think will be best for their purpose, *and also* seek for outside information, using the helps mentioned hereafter, and others if possible.
2. Reading in Class Method. If it is found that members simply will not read the chapter beforehand, as for instance when the attendance is irregular, the Leader may ask them one after another to read short paragraphs, say, one fifth of each chapter, picking out those he thinks most suitable, and briefly summarizing the intervening parts himself. There will thus be a series of readings and breaks for discussion. In the breaks a few of the assignments may be talked over. Probably three or four members of the Class will be willing to be responsible for one each of these, chosen at the previous meeting.
3. The Assignment Method. When the Class is small (seven to ten members), attends steadily, and can be got to read up the chapter beforehand, this method will certainly be best. At each meeting someone promises to take up an assignment for next time, and speaks for a few minutes on it, leading up to a general talk on the most important points.

Whichever method is chosen, the Leader should try himself to read up some at least of the sources of information referred to hereafter. Much has purposely been left out in the eight chapters to be supplied in this way and so provide material for a discussion, especially where such material is very easy to get hold of.

Further, the Leader should study to obtain definite spiritual profit for his Class from each meeting, and should see that such lessons as may be learned, for instance as to God's guiding hand, His faithfulness, and His willingness to use a consecrated life, are properly emphasised.

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*Heroes of the Faith in Modern Italy. J. S. Anderson. (Pickering and Inglis.)

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GARENGANZE. F. S. Arnot. (James Hawking, Paternoster Row.)
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THINKING BLACK. D. Crawford. (Morgan & Scott.)
*ON SEA AND LAND. H. W. Case. (Morgan & Scott.)
*BAEDEKER IN RUSSIA. Latimer. (Morgan & Scott.)
PIONEERING IN BOLIVIA. W. Payne.
*ECHOES PRAYER CYCLE.
*ECHOES MISSIONARY ATLAS. } (1, Widcombe Crescent, Bath.)
*ECHOES OF SERVICE.
*LINKS OF HELP. (Rishton View, Bolton.)

* These are easy to get, and are indispensable.

ASSIGNMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

STUDY AIM. To try to discover the Scriptural basis for missionary work.

A friendly critic meets one who is about to sail for the foreign field in accordance with the principles laid down in the above chapter. He makes objection as follows :—

1. (*a*) You are not directed by any responsible body ; you and your fellow-workers will be scattered and ineffective.
   (*b*) You are risking starvation in going out without any visible means of support. In any case the constant state of anxiety will prevent you from doing your best work.
   (*c*) Look at what has been done by paid missionaries and organized societies.

   How would you answer these objections from the Scriptures ?
2. What, after all, should be the principal aim of the missionary in foreign lands ?
3. Bring Scriptures to show what are the true tests of a successful mission.

CHAPTER II.

AIM. To learn how God guides His children.

1. Supposing you met one who doubted the guidance of God and you had only the above chapter and the " Memoir of Mr. Groves " at hand, what incidents would you bring forward to prove your point ?
2. Draw a map illustrating the journeys of A. N. Groves and the Aleppo party.
3. Do you consider the work at Baghdad ended in failure ? Give reasons for your decision.
4. Illustrate from the Scriptures and elsewhere what we owe spiritually to little known men.
5. Bring Scriptures to show that God still guides the ways of His children. Can we hinder His plans for our lives ?

CHAPTER III.

AIM. To realize the truth of the saying that " God's ways are not our ways."

1. What special opportunities and what special difficulties confronted Mr. A. N. Groves when he landed in India in 1833 ?

   (Refer to the work of Wm. Carey, Dr. Duff and others, and get an account of the state of India at the time from various missionary study text-books, histories of missions, etc.)
2. Do you consider that the industrial missions started by Mr. Groves were a failure ? Are industrial missions warranted by Scripture ? Are they to be advocated ?

3. Bring extracts from Echoes to show the modern conditions of work in India. What particular features of the present work seem to you, humanly speaking, due to the efforts and labours of the early workers ?
4. Bring a list of present workers and stations in the Godaveri district and in Tinnevelli. How many other stations and workers have we in India ? Illustrate by a map.
5. Are we entitled to look for another revival of the work in India and at home ? What are the conditions of a true Revival ? How are we to regard such signs as dreams, speaking with tongues, etc. ? Bring Scriptures on all these points. (See Finney's Lectures.)

Chapter IV.

Aim. To see how God gives diversities of gifts but the same Spirit.

1. Consider the lives of Leonard Strong, Daniel French, John Rymer and John Meyer, and note ways in which they were specially gifted for the tasks they undertook.
2. What, in the light of the past, seem the chief needs of British Guiana to-day ? What particular types of workers are required ?
3. What are the special difficulties of the work in British Guiana to-day among the negroes and Asiatic coolies ? In what other countries does the influx of Asiatic coolies greatly complicate the missionary problem ? (See "On Land and Sea.")
4. Draw a map showing the places mentioned in this chapter and those where missionaries are to-day. Give a list of the missionaries now at work.
5. What lessons can we learn from the history of the work in British Guiana that will guide us in our attitude towards the work and workers in our assemblies ? Think of the question especially in the light of I. Cor. xii. 4. Bring other helpful Scriptures.

Chapter V.

Aim. To learn how God can make the wrath of man to praise Him.

1. In what ways can you see God's guiding hand in the growth of the work in Italy and the raising up of workers. ? (Illustrate further from Mr. Anderson's "Heroes of the Faith in Modern Italy.")
2. Make a list of workers and mark on a map the places where they are working. Mark besides the places mentioned in the chapter.
3. Does the present work in Italy seem to have fulfilled the early promise ? Bring as many illustrations as possible from old and recent "Echoes."
4. Would you say that present conditions in Italy are favourable to the spread of the Gospel or otherwise ?
5. Illustrate from Scripture the truth of the text (Psa. lxxvi. 10) referred to in the Study Aim.

Chapter VI.

Aim. To learn how God has answered prayer in Spain.

1. What arguments do you think might have been used to dissuade Mr Chapman, Mr. Fenn, and other early workers from going to Spain ? Illustrate from Borrow's "Bible in Spain" and elsewhere.
2. Bring examples of notable answers to prayer granted to the earlier workers. (See the "Life of Robert Chapman" and "Reminiscences of Albert R. Fenn.")
3. Make a list of workers with map as for Chap. V., Ass. 2.
4. 'Is My hand shortened at all, that it cannot redeem ?' (Isa. l. 2). Answer this question from recent Spanish news in "Echoes" and from illustrative passages from the Bible.

Chapter VII.

Aim. To learn what God can do with a truly consecrated life.

1. What are the visible results of the consecrated life of F. S. Arnot (*a*) in Africa, (*b*) in other parts of the world ?
2. Draw a map illustrating Arnot's journeys and our present mission stations in Africa ? Bring the names of the workers at each station as well as the names of those who have laid down their lives for the work.
3. In what ways have the opportunities of evangelising Central Africa increased during the last 20 years ? Illustrate from the trials of Arnot and other early workers.
4. Bring extracts from "Thinking Black," "Echoes of Service," and elsewhere to illustrate the special needs of the African to-day.
5. Bring Scriptures to shew what God can do with our lives if they are truly consecrated to his service.

Chapter VIII.

Study Aim. To learn what we can do individually and collectively to extend the Kingdom of God.

1. "Charity begins at home, the meeting cannot afford to give to missionary work yet." How would you seek to answer this frequently heard remark ?
2. What other responsibilities has each assembly towards work and workers abroad ?
3. Bring Scriptures to shew what are the essentials of fruitful service for the Master.
4. Think out some practical suggestions for arousing and increasing missionary interest in the assembly to which you belong.

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